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THE STANDARD.

The Pro-Slavery Testimony of the Northern Conscience, Cross-questioned.

A LECTURE,

In the New York Anti-Slavery Course of 1854-5, given at the Tabernacle, January 2, 1855,

BY HENRY W. BELLOWS.

It is often charged upon divines, and particularly those of the liberal school, that they begin their sermons by explaining away their texts; and I am about to justify that censure, by confessing that the title of this lecture does not accurately describe its contents. I meant it should when I conferred it; but it is dangerous, according to the adage, to name a child before it is born, as nobody knows whether it will turn out a girl or a boy. As the exigencies of the course required me to furnish a title on last Tuesday, when as yet my lecture was not, so my own exigencies have compelled me to make the body fit the head, as well as the material in my own mind, when I came to overhaul it, would allow. I beg, however, to disavow the disrespect of offering you inconsiderate or crude thoughts; and perhaps they may not wholly miss the mark at which the title seems to aim.

I propose, then (to explain my subject a little), to examine the Conscience of the North, the moral state of our Public Sentiment in the Free States, in regard to the subject of American Slavery. Whatever contrary expectations the wording of my theme may naturally have raised, I have no railing accusation to bring, or sharp practice to display, in the treatment of it. Cross-questioning too often means putting questions that are cross. I have no such questions, I trust, to make. The actual state of the Northern conscience may be explored with more thoroughness and instruction if we approach the subject as one of fact, rather than one of feeling; as observers and inquirers, rather than accusers or judges. My true purpose is, by a candid survey of existing moral sentiment, to discover the sources of the successive defeats which the cause of liberty has suffered in the struggles of the last ten years. It is neither an historical nor a political investigation we have before us, but a moral one; my reasonings and statements, if dogmatically presented, make their appeal to general experience.

Slavery owes, not its existence, indeed, but its prosperity, in this country, to public sentiment, not to law, and chiefly to Northern sentiment. The free States have, politically, the power to stop its growth, to hamper its progress, to provide for its extinction. That they have not used their opportunities to do this is certain; that the institution has spread prodigiously, in the face of public discussion; that its policy is bolder, its root deeper, its friends more active and hopeful than ever, is undeniable. Now, considering the great and world-observed efforts which the Northern champions of liberty have made against slavery, these ten years past; considering the theoretical infamy of slavery itself, acknowledged on all hands; considering the direction of public sentiment, throughout the world; it is certainly a very extraordinary and unexpected result which is thus presented to us—that the Slave Power of these United States should have actually and uniformly triumphed in a controversy with a political majority, based upon absolute right, contending for a solemn moral principle and supported by the sympathies of universal civilized society. Such a result must have causes deeper than superior skill in political machinery at the South, deeper than the superficial mistakes of party organizations at the North. It must be owing to some universal, ever-acting and yet unseen and unreached cause in the state of the public mind. Not that we are to make light of the vast advantage in this struggle which a minority, defending an existing and concrete interest, an institution, a habit, a peculiarity, a domestic usage, has over a majority, animated only by a principle, violated on a distant ground and not directly touching its own life. The smallest nation is formidable to the largest when assailed in its own home.

It is expecting too much to look for any such union among the opponents of slavery as we find among its friends. To the vast majority of the Northern people, the slaves are practically as far off as the heathen of India. They never see them. They do not blot their daily prospect; and if the policy which they introduce into our General Government affects the political well-being of the free States, yet, so large is the margin of their prosperity that the economic injury which slavery does the North is, to say the least, not intolerable or even distinctly and directly perceived. The political and economic interests, threatened by the abolition or weakening of slavery, are to the South a thousand times greater than any material advantages, or visible improvements, which would accrue to the North by its extinction. Abolish slavery, and South Carolina and Georgia would not know their own homes; a change of climate, or natural scenery, could not effect a more complete alteration in their landscape. Abolish slavery, and Massachusetts and New York would only know it by the reading of the President's proclamation, and the blotting of a few laws from their statutes. I am not saying that the final advantages of abolition, in an economic and political view, would not, to the South and the North, be immense; overwhelmingly so to the South, and vastly great to the North. But, both South and North are prosperous enough now, and it is idle to expect that, with more wealth and comfort, in all parts of the Union, than any nation ever enjoyed before, great and fundamental changes in the habits, customs, feelings and prejudices of our people will take place on economic grounds. Indeed, for one, I should respect the South less than I do if she were ready, on any grounds of economic interest, to surrender an institution which has done so much to shape and characterize her domestic life—which, despite its necessary cruelties and essential viciousness, possesses, in her eyes, the venerableness of custom, the beauty of familiarity, and the thousand unlawful charms which belong to a feudal condition of society. Take away from slavery that which its born proprietors must necessarily be the last to feel—the fatal injury it commits against humanity—take away what kind and judicious masters are said to take away, or, at any rate, might abate, its disrespect for family ties—and there is much to give it a charm for the imagination and the heart. The light and shade it throws into society; the condescension of the high, the loyalty and veneration of the low; the protection here, the submission there; the affectionateness of servants, born in the house and handed down from generation to generation; the light-heartedness of a class free from responsibility; the chivalric and generous sentiments of the other class, used to authority and protection, and gaining an undeniable grace from their position—all this gives an honest fascination to slavery among its own born possessors, which it would be alike mean and unmanly in them to allow any *economic* considerations to break. Nothing could justify the South in the abolition of slavery but a perception of its inherent sinfulness; and that, we may safely say, it is impossible for them to feel, so long as those at the North who have none of their various interests and habits to blind them do not feel it themselves. And here we touch the real difficulty. For, despite the theoretical sentiment of free communities, certainly the whole history of the Anti-Slavery Movement at the North proves that, up to this time, no deep-seated conviction of the wickedness of slavery, no conviction reaching and possessing the heart of the people, is yet established there. The most general and noisy displays of anti-slavery sentiment at the North have proved ebullitions of superficial irritation, produced by odious political propositions, and subsiding, instead of rising, with the success of the threatened measures, rather than outbursts from a central fire of hatred and opposition to slavery itself—the mere crackling of thorns under a pot, not the muttering of a gathering storm.

I was absent from the country, from April to November, in the year 1848; and during that period, the Free Soil excitement commenced, culminated and really began to subside. Not having partaken of the intermediate newspaper excitement, it was almost impossible, I found, on returning home, to understand the extraordinary stir and feeling got up at that moment, so little had it grown out of any steady and operative principle. The agitation had no source in a settled moral sentiment, and it went down as speedily as it came up. And since that time, how often have the hopes of freedom been disappointed! The Fugitive Slave law promised to raise the public sentiment of the North and West to a point of moral indignation which would never be calmed so long as that offensive statute continued to insult humanity. We all predicted that it could not be enforced. We anticipated a steady and ever-deepening increase of public feeling, which would demand and obtain its repeal. But, has not experience taught us how much deeper and wider lie the defences of slavery than we imagined? The Allies did not more sadly mistake the strength of Sebastopol! Slavery is infinitely stronger in itself, and vastly stronger in the weakness of its enemies, than its friends or foes could possibly have imagined prior to our American experiences. Up to this time, the political organizations against it have proved puny and romantic; the public sentiment which sustained its few Northern chivalrous assailants, frothy and shallow. The antipathies of parties, the local jealousies or temperamental hostilities of sections of the country, the North and the South particularly, appear to have been far more active causes of what has passed for anti-slavery excitement than any deep sense of the wrongfulness and inhumanity of slavery itself. How else shall we account for the dying away and extinction of that raging fire of contempt, hatred and opposition to the Fugitive Slave law which, from a burning forest, in the sight of the nation, has become a mere bonfire kept alive by the Anti-Slavery Society?

In like manner, the blotting out of the sacred boundary, the overthrow of the time-hallowed dyke, which confined slavery South of the Missouri line, aroused, on its first proposition, a universal roar of contempt and derision; and when scorn gradually changed to apprehension, one might have imagined, from the tone of the Northern press, the spirit of public meetings, the language of the pulpit, that a wall of human hearts, a score deep, and as long as the boundary line, had planted itself along that threatened parallel of liberty, all beating like one, to defy the advance of slavery a single step over its own polluted soil. And when, in defiance of this threatening unanimity of Northern indignation, Congress proceeded to pass that obnoxious and monstrous bill, who did not expect, from the notes of activity throughout the free States, that instant and efficient measures would be taken to secure the possession of the new territories for freedom? Yet, as always happens, a few months prove that no such practical solicitude for freedom, no such deep hatred of slavery, exists as the North boasts herself of possessing. The excitement dies rapidly away. The compromise line, made the sword-mark of Liberty's assassins, that lately, like a corpse at the sight of its murderer, bled all along the frightful seam of its wound, and threatened never to close its angry mouth, now shows only like an old scar in the flesh of a child, every day growing less and less visible. A few trains of emigrants from freedom's soil relieves the conscience of the North—the splinter is taken from the sore finger—Nebraska sends a pro-slavery delegate to Congress, and the plotters of Liberty's ruin are at leisure, to turn their attention to some new encroachment upon our soil, some new outrage upon our principles.

It is not necessary to enter into the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement, whether in its political or its social aspect, to prove the assertion that no proper or adequate sense of the evil and wrongfulness of slavery exists at the North. It is as plain as day-light, that the vast majority of the Northern people care little or nothing about it, except as it worries and disturbs their business and their politics, or their ecclesiastical organizations. Those exceptional persons who have devoted their lives to the study of the subject, and to whom it presents the most pressing and sacred field of Christian duty, are everywhere regarded by the men of weight and respectability, who have the confidence of the great middle class, as fanatics and enthusiasts. Cover it as we will, instead of being a mark of moral sanity, of a claim to respect or gratitude, it impugns the judgment, and unsettles the social position, and impairs the general influence of any man, to take a direct and active part in anti-slavery movements. Nothing but extraordinary genius keeps any man in his post, if it be one that falls under the control of the respectability of the North, who earnestly avows, or fearlessly urges, anti-slavery sentiments. Dr. Channing, with his immense personal respectability, and intrenched in the established reverence of his congregation and community, could not, in the very city that rocked and still cherished the Cradle of American Liberty, maintain his hold upon the confidence of the most moral and virtuous portion of his fellow-citizens. It was common in high quarters, and I suspect is now, to speak of the closing, the noblest years of his life, identified with his anti-slavery labours, as the period *after his fall!* Horace Mann, the idol of Massachusetts, as the first Secretary of her Board of Education, the man who gave a mightier impulse to educational reform than any citizen America has produced, and who deserves a prouder pillar in her capital, for a more fundamental service to the State and a larger contribution to the future, than the tallest Hero of her wars, or the bulkiest Senator of her councils—Horace Mann was expelled from the heart of New England, because he loved liberty better than respectability, and the slave more than his own hard-earned fame. He went as far beyond the public sentiment of his own State, in his sense of the iniquity of slavery, as the West is from the East, and, therefore, Ohio, and not Massachusetts, owns and cherishes him to-day.

Am I told that the North repudiates not anti-slavery sentiments, but the heat and excess of feeling that accompanies them. Yes! but what has made and maintains the heat and excess of these sentiments but the indifference and inactivity with which they have had to contend? Is not the cold iron as answerable as the hasty flint for the spark which their friction elicits and the flame it enkindles! You have read, within a month, of a brave boy who, failing in every other method of arresting a train of cars that was hurrying to the fatal brink of a just fallen bridge, placed himself boldly on the very track and brought the locomotive to a stand at the peril of his life. Doubtless the lookers-on, had there been any, would have thought him a madman; very likely the engineer cursed his folly till he understood his wisdom. The alleged extravagance of Abolitionists proves too much; it proves the repugnance and apathy with which the cause of the slave's liberation was received in the North. Like the Methodism, which rebuked the worldliness of the English Church and passed for the time as the outbreak of an ignorant zeal, the butt of wags like Sydney Smith, and players like Foote, but which is now recognised by all enlightened theologians, as the complementary heat of an icy Establishment and the salvation of British piety, Abolitionism was the rejected electricity of free thought, free speech and free men, rejected by the general atmosphere of public sentiment and accumulated in a thunder-cloud within the bosoms of its Garrisons, Phillipses and Quinceys, rolling with threatening aspect over New England, and breaking here and there with frightful fury upon the careless communities below. If it still flashes and mutters in the sky, it is because the moral atmosphere is not yet clear, the burden it carries not yet distributed and diffused.

But a grave question confronts us at this point, *i. e.*, how this apathy and indifference to the sin and wickedness of slavery could and can exist in a community like the North, of which we are accustomed to boast as of one of the most intelligent, moralized and religious populations in the world. And it is a pregnant and deeply instructive question to consider. For here we enjoy just what we are so solicitous to bestow on the slaves—liberty, education, domestic privileges and general prosperity. Here we *are* just what we are contending the slaves ought to be, freemen. Now, if the full possession of all these rights and privileges leaves us capable, as a mass, of seeing three millions and more of our fellow-creatures held in bondage for our benefit, without ceaseless remonstrance or profound pity—what, it may well be asked, is the use of liberty, education or equal rights? In what respect is liberty better than slavery, if its creatures are not more noble, generous, upright and sympathetic? If the North be as base as the state of its conscience would logically prove it, as base as anti-slavery commonly pronounces it, as much wrapped up in selfishness, cupidity, apathy and sense, as its conduct on this subject would indicate, what logic of duty or utility is there in trying to extend the area of a freedom which produces such fruits; what philanthropy in seeking to convert innocent slaves into guilty freemen; what elevation or advantage in the civilization we are striving to extend? If a freeman be as immoral and low a creature as by the anti-slavery standard ninety-nine out of every hundred northern men must be, then, have we not unwittingly knocked away the very underpining of the slave's hope or right to emancipation? We have shown educated, religionized, domesticated man, in the land of freedom, to be unworthy of his liberty; how much less the rude, superstitious, homeless and chain-corrupted slave? Every one capable of reasoning must see that there is some false assumption in the premises which leads to such conclusions. It is like the argument which asserts the utter fallibility of human reason, and then calls upon that reason to pronounce and concede the infallibility of an external authority, as if the concession, being an act of judgment, were not just as fallible as any other exercise of reason, and did not vitiate the authority dependent upon it! It is like the logic which teaches the utter depravity of human nature, as if a perfectly wicked man could even so much as suspect his own wickedness, or know there was any such thing as right or wrong in the world; as if the avowal of utter depravity were not itself a complete logical disproof of its own assertion!

No, we must not allow ourselves, in our zeal for any class of injured men, to slander and decry humanity itself—for slavery itself, vile as it is, is not so bad as that which is its essence, contempt for man. It will not do to make the undeniable apathy of the Northern conscience to the sin of slavery a ground of too sweeping censure, lest we finally sink, where too many general reasoners on the subject of human character have sunk, into absolute faithlessness in moral distinctions, into levity and scorn of humanity—sink where sank La Rochefoucault, the microscopic scavenger of morals, who found specks of corruption in the soundest disinterestedness and hypocrisy in the very sunbeams of piety, as chemists find poison in our most wholesome food and monsters in the purest water we drink. And, on the other hand, to avoid this peril, one which has landed many a noble but baffled reformer, many a generous and full-souled Abolitionist, in despair of his race, and contempt of the Christian religion which had done it so little good, and finally disbelief in the God who did not crush out of existence so foolish and perverse a world—to avoid this Scylla we must not rush upon Charybdis, and conceal, palliate or deny the actual heinousness of the prevailing insensibility to the sin of slavery, or the implication in which it places our public and private virtue. I contend only for discrimination. Let us know the worst, but let us not exaggerate it. Let us cut away the proud flesh, but not cut into the healthy muscle, or deny that there is any. This error, it seems to me, is, to a certain degree, a cause of the discouraging success which the holy enterprise of anti-slavery meets in the North; a feeling that its zeal for the slave has blinded it to all the virtues and graces which humanity possesses, outside of its sympathy with anti-slavery—in other words, a contempt for all white-men who are not Abolitionists. Now, as the Abolitionists are, unhappily, a very small remnant of the race, the abandonment of the vast majority to Satan leaves a very unpromising hope for humanity behind, and, I fear, some perception of this, works in respect to anti-slavery, a good deal as do the sweeping denunciations with which religious bigotry consigns ninety-nine hundredths of the human family to final ruin, occasioning a very pleasant and demoralizing willingness in its victims to share the fate of such an overwhelming majority.

The truth is, as it seems to me, and I hope I may, without presumption, declare it, that the anti-slavery cause has not yet fully comprehended its own majesty. While I charge the North with apathy and indifference to its objects, I am neither amazed nor discouraged at the apathy and indifference I behold. No plummet has yet fairly sounded the depth of that apathy, no compasses measured its breadth. But man is a large creature, and there is room in him, at the same time, for a vast deal of good and evil, of things to hope on and things to despair about—gulfs of piratical peril and seas of pacific safety, morasses of bottomless instability and fields of smiling fruitfulness, yawning abysses of selfishness and hills of swelling sympathy, and plains of spreading benevolence. In one sense, the most discouraging aspect of the pro-slavery insensibility at the North is the general worth, intelligence and humanity of our population—a humanity which the want of this community is now so graciously and beautifully testing. If you show me a vile, degraded community, and tell me they care not for the slave, I do not wonder. It is what I expect. If you bring me to a sober, thoughtful and virtuous community, and tell me they care not for the slave, then, indeed, I tremble for him, for I see how late his interests come into the view of worthy people. I see how many other good things there are to occupy and satisfy their minds and hearts, and I begin to feel that even candour and moral sensibility and the Christian spirit are not wholly pledged to my cause. But, in another sense, and a far higher one, the intelligence, virtue and worth of a community, even though apathy to the sin of slavery, may exist in it, the most encouraging testimony and the fairest hope for the slave, because it exalts humanity; exhibits the influences of freedom and education, to purify, and elevate, and save, and make man, universal man, and the slave with him, sacred and predestined to liberty.

Sorrow, then, as I may over the insensibility of the North, it does not amaze or discourage me; and it ought not, in its largest extent, to arouse the indignation, but only to fire the zeal, of the true Abolitionist. His cause, profoundly considered, is the greatest, the most glorious and difficult task which the faith and love of humanity has ever proposed to itself—the practical vindication of the Christian theory of man, the brother of man; man, greater than his accidents; man, the image of his Maker; man, everywhere sacred and god-like; the vindication of it under its extremest circumstances. As I hold the moral respect paid to the insane, and the intellectual veneration shown to the idiot—the tenderness with which the nineteenth century covers their sorrows, the care with which she gathers these conscripts of our race together, and soothes the disturbed fancies of one and fans the expiring sparks of reason in the other, as among the most auspicious signs of an awakening sense of human sacredness, and infinitely valuable beyond the direct good that accrues—so I regard the cause of Abolition—only, from its vastness, still more cordially—as the going forth of that forlorn hope which is to conquer the obduracy of man's insensibility to man. But let not the Abolitionist undervalue himself or his enemy. It is the very problem of the Gospel of Christ, of which the Abolitionist asks an instant solution. He is right to demand it; for the very process by which truth and goodness have been advanced in the world, since our common Master set us the example, has been the upholding of an absolute standard; the proclamation of a perfect law. You have seen the zeal and self-sacrifice with which the Christians of this country have carried forward the cause of foreign missions. I suppose *every real convert* ever made (I do not speak of formal ones) may have cost the life one educated man, or woman, and thousands of dollars! Judson laboured seven years in Burmah for his first disciple. And worldly scoffers and superficial utilitarian observers will point you to the small result of all this expensive apparatus, as to so much wasted energy of substance! They overlook the priceless testimony to the worth and truth of the Gospel, which such enterprises offer; they fail to perceive the magnificent tribute which piety and faith pays to the worth of the individual, to the value of the human soul; they do not see that, in the end, *quality* of influence is vastly more important than quantity, and that Judson's life is a permanent glory, inspiration and fountain of hope to humanity in both hemispheres. Nay, there are friends of the slave so inconsistent as to deride the friends of the heathen, as being engaged in a utopian and superstitious work, taking away just so much strength from a better and more practical cause! Why, do they not see that their cause is an identical one? Man's elevation and rescue from self-contempt and oppression. And shall the Abolitionist regard his cause as one so shallow and mean that its immediate adoption and sway can rightfully be anticipated? Is it the superficial passions and vices of society that are his principal hindrance? Shall we expect to encounter no greater adversaries than the champions of intemperance or of the observance of the Sabbath? We do the cause of liberty a moustrous wrong when we place it among the temporary and fleeting questions of the day. It is a question coincident with the triumph of Christianity. Its victory implies a moral elevation, a spiritual insight, a fullness of religious knowledge, which we have no evidence at this time anywhere exists. What is there, in the present aspects of society, hopeful and progressive as humanity is, and nowhere more so than here, what is there to encourage the hope that the principles of Abolitionism will find anything but a struggling way? I rejoice to believe that Christianity has made a mighty progress in society, measuring society by itself; but who can claim a mighty progress for it, measuring Christianity by itself? On the contrary, we are in the infancy of our religion. Its freedom has hardly dawned upon the freest of us. We are slaves to idle conventions; wrapped up in trifles still. We pay our court to station and bow down to money, and maintain false and unreal distinctions in society, and measure merit by calling—and worship upholstery—aye, the best of us—and yet we are angels compared with those who stood round the earthly cradle of our religion! though we may be devils compared with those who shall stand around its earthly throne. No student of history can despair of man; no student of the Gospel can be contented with him. He has fairly begun to build up a Christian society in the world; but he is still grossly and cruelly inconsistent. You may deny him, on the score of his inconsistency, any faith or virtue at all, and make out a capital case. But, happily, your argument cannot extinguish the fact that virtues and vices, faith and unbelief, love and hatred, good and evil, are not as inconsistent in their concrete forms as in their abstract principles. So long as evil preponderates, or unbelief prevails, inconsistency is the chief hope of humanity, its glory and the promise of its victory.

In a state of society like this, can we expect the slave, out of sight and out of mind—the slave, the child of a barbarous race, clothed in darkness and seemingly marked by Providence with external tokens of inferiority a being who owes his partial civilization to the crime that tore him from his home, that ordinarily acquiesces in his bondage and often hugs his own chains—can we expect, in a partially Christianized and selfish community, such as every people is taken as a whole, that the case of the slave shall awaken deep sympathy and self-sacrificing devotion; shall take hold of the conscience and the heart of Northern society? I appeal from the expectation to the fact. It does *not* take hold! So long as you can keep the sensibilities of our people moved by tales of suffering, making the Southern lash sound in the ears of the Northerner, laying open the salted wounds of the negro's lacerated back; so long as you can make him witness of the agonies of parted families—inundate him with the scalding tears of the mother, as the hammer of the auctioneer knocks asunder the links that God made between her and her child—point to the ravished virtue of the negro's wife and daughter polluted before his own eyes; so long as you can keep the natural and logical costume of slavery, its blood-red, striped and tear-stained garments flaunting in the Northerner's face—you can move him to indignant oaths and curses on the system. And so you can touch your child to bitter tears by carrying him to the neighbouring shambles while the butcher, with reeking arm, plunges his knife into the throat of innocent lambs! To-morrow, he will eat of the mutton without a thought of yesterday's angry pity. So long as the cruelties of slavery are the main objections we have to it and form the staple of our anti-slavery sentiment, our pity will be about as operative as the child's grief. For, not to speak of the inevitable deadening of the sensibilities by familiarity with tales of horror—not to mention the large amount of suspicion which accompanies such stories—they are not the real and affecting considerations. The slaveholder's heart *was*, perhaps is, as tender as yours; and he is either become accustomed to these things or else has abated them; but that has not weakened slavery; slavery is strengthened, not weakened, by the softening of its manners and the gentleness of its conduct. A deeper policy teaches masters not to abuse their slaves, as it teaches us not to abuse our horses. Self-interest and refinement of taste unite to abolish cruelty; and many evidences exist to show that Southern slavery is growing more considerate of ordinary humanity, in its dealings with its chattels. But what effect can that have but to ease the conscience of the master and offset the charge of the Abolitionists? If the South can, in ten years, make the most painful parts of Uncle Tom fabulous, what shall we have gained for freedom? More self-complacent slaveholders, a more apologetic Northern sentiment, and more sensitive and humanly wretched slaves. Great as the relief to our natural sympathies is, from the growing mildness of slavery, I doubt very much whether with slavery, as with war, the probabilities of its termination do not depend, in a considerable degree, upon the horrible efficiency with which it is pursued. The campaign at Sebastopol is not likely to increase the infatuation for arms; and it is encouraging to see English lords and dukes, lately so rampant for the fight, returning home with very drooping feathers. A few more Legrees might move the heart of Southerners themselves to horror, and awaken their sleeping conscience to this dreadful sin.

No, it is not that this man and wife are sold asunder; that this child is torn from its native bosom and thrown into a stranger's icy lap; that a white boy may lash a black man to the bone, or a white master pollute a whole plantation of negro wives and daughters! That is all horrible enough! Yet, it might all cease from this hour, on grounds of interest, alarm or internal regulation of slavery, and, after all, the curse and wrong and sin of slavery be left in all its blackness and bitterness. Nay, perhaps this would only deepen its real horrors; for these barbarous usages and customs do something to dull the very sense of humanity in the bosoms of slaves themselves. The expectation of separation crushes the very affections that would be wounded by it; the experience of oppression destroys the sense of wrong. The slave accepts his place—a higher sort of brute—below the house, above the stable; his marriage, one of convenience; his children, first his master's, then his own; his protection and few comforts, a positive generosity. I doubt not that the slaves are happier under a stern and harsh than under a mild and indulgent rule, because I believe them men; and the nearer the brute in their treatment, the more brutal their thoughts, feelings, expectations—the fitter for and the happier in their false and inhuman condition. Soften their yoke, lengthen their chain, treat them with sympathy, nourish their intelligence, and up starts the sleeping manhood in their hearts; the deep-breathed longing for liberty begins to labour from their breasts; their eyes strain for the Northern clime that has wafted its sympathies to their ears; their chain loosed, only sets more uneasily, and wears from their necks into their hearts! Do they see more to love in their masters, they see more to hate; for the more interesting humanity becomes in their eyes, the more they feel its loss. Does gratitude awaken for the gentleness they experience, it is like the tiger's thanks for the meat his keeper gives him; he longs to tear the hand that feeds him with less than he wants—to glut himself on the being that has but aroused his sleeping appetite?

Oh! let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls, that we have seen the worst of slavery—that its darkest days are over! Its cruelties have only commenced. The inevitable awakening of its millions of sleeping minds, the phantoms that will haunt the bosoms of its next generation, will make the horror of its Legrees, the lash of its drivers, the hammers of its auctioneers, mere play. The inward sufferings of so much suppressed but yearning humanity will out-tell every other anguish. The South is right; it is cruelty to the slave, as well as ruin to the master, to allow the light of education to shine in upon that slumbering soul. It is a refinement of wrong to awaken the spiritual and moral nature of the slave! To be consistent and humane, slavery ought to close every church in its domains; to forbid the sound of the Gospel to be heard in its negro-quarters; to encourage the levity and carelessness of its subjects; frowning upon their every act of prudence and thrift, or, at the least imitation of the manners and costumes of civilized beings. In the name of mercy, let not the idea of home get a foothold in the heart of the slave; do not permit or encourage him to look a single day into the future; extinguish, if you can, the very sentiment of justice in his soul; destroy the first appearance of self-respect in his nature, as an ambition fatal to his peace and your safety; in short, let not the slave think of himself, if you can prevent it, for his sake and your own; let him not think of himself as a man—for you convert him then from a gay and apathetic brute into a sullen and dangerous, a wretched and threatening human creature. Thank God, such fearful consistency as this, favourable as it may be to immediate happiness, is not possible! Come rather, all the rebellious and murderous sentiments which fill the souls of the oppressed, as they awaken to the consciousness of their degradation; rather descend in rivers the bitter tears of grieved and disappointed affection; let the chain sooner eat into the heart; come ye dark questionings of God's justice—beat at your bars with maddened brain, break your hearts with your yearnings—gather and roll and rage all sorrows, miseries and tears that attend upon the spiritual birth of humanity—than that, under any plea of immediate comfort or sensual ease, a whole race of creatures, with souls like our own, should be systematically dwarfed in their stature, robbed of their humanity and cossetted or cowed into children and brutes!

When we think *what a man is*, wherein the true dignity of a human being lies, in self-reliance, fore-thought, the bearing of his own burdens, the exercise of his own will, the discharge of his own conscience, the education and development of his own nature, what a commentary on the progress of Christianity, what a gloss upon our Constitution, what a libel on our civilization, is the legalized bondage of one-sixth of our population? It is because we do not think what a man is that we continue to uphold or justify such an atrocious crime, such a mortal sin against humanity. I insist upon it, that the North is involved equally with the South, nay, deeper than the South in the slaveholding of this nation. I am not blaming either South or North. I hold the action of this nation upon the subject of slavery as part and parcel of its history and character; the apathetic state of sentiment in the North, in regard to it, is a fair exhibition of its general sentiments. I admit that no other nation would have acted any better, and that the North has as much right principle and feeling as any other community. But what does this prove, if it be not this, that our Christianity is as yet puny and ineffective; that our humanity limps instead of running, and that our sense of the image of God is but a flickering conviction of the mind, no real and profound affection of the heart?

The difficulties of the anti-slavery cause are the measure of the obstacles with which practical Christianity has to contend in the world; and the stupour or inexpressiveness of the Northern conscience, on this subject, is a just and fit indication of its general condition. I am told by every man of sense I converse with, that he thinks slavery a great wrong, a frightful crime; but, then, what can be done? Here, then, is a strange spectacle. A nation (for the South itself, with a few consistent and glorious exceptions, like Calhoun, joins in the confession), a whole nation acknowledges that it is committing a frightful crime—that it carries a horrible blot upon its escutcheon—that it is guilty of an immense, immeasurable wrong! What would be, what should be the conduct of a nation confessing that, with real feeling and hearty sincerity? Does not contrition, reparation, cessation from sin accompany all true conviction of it? I must beg leave to doubt whether either South or North is as bad as it makes itself out. I deny the possibility of such a general and gross inconsistency as is implied in the alleged universal sense of the wrongfulness of slavery and its cheerful or careless encouragement. There is, there can be no such conviction, no such sense of the gross insult to our nature, of the deep wrong to our fellow-man, inflicted by slavery, as we boast. Our consciences must be mocking themselves on this point, as they do in regard to the alleged sinfulness of the love of money which all confess, and all go on to indulge. Such a sentiment implies a far higher state of society than ours; a nobler morality, a truer piety, a livelier faith than we have attained to. I know not how we could expect so true and genuine a humanity as this, in a state of society that, in its theology, its general and local politics, its locomotive economy, its social customs and public spirit, manifests the very spirit of slavery in other forms. The essence of slavery is contempt for humanity, and that may be exhibited in a thousand other directions. Theology may show it, in its theories of human nature and human destiny, painting man in colours which make him fit for nothing better than servitude, and cowing down his nature as effectually beneath the lash of its doctrines as it can be made to bow under the whip of the slave-driver. If God holds human beings so cheap that millions fall into hopeless perdition, under his government, with every revolution of the sun, why should not three millions be crushed, for the benefit of twenty more, under the wheels of our little earth-born government? Whatever introduces despair of the future into the heart of humanity, degrades man and propagates cruelty and oppression in society. Thus theology may show contempt for man—and what else or worse does slavery? Politics may and does show this contempt, by making inhuman distinctions, fomenting hostility and jealousies between classes, sects and nations. I confess, nothing has shown me the crude and low state of the public sentiment of the North so much as the rise and sweeping triumphs of a party based upon the superficial distinction of native origin. That anti-slavery men can be misled into any sympathy or encouragement of a movement which so systematically ignores the grand distinction of humanity in favour of such an accident as birth, is only an additional indication how little depth of principle belongs to our opinions. Native and foreigner is certainly not a greater distinction than black and white, and it is no wonder that the American party should threaten utterly to frown upon all anti-slavery agitation.

But Politics may show a contempt for man in its conduct as well as its principles. The history of our municipal politics for five years past, in which uncontradicted charges of bribery, corruption and waste have brought no revolution or reform—a period when we have been governed by men of no weight or responsibility into our seats of authority—indicates a contempt of moral distinctions, a recklessness of public duty, an absorption in selfish ends, from which no true reverence for man, no genuine sympathy with the slave, was to be looked for. We have despised the interests of morality, order, dignity, purity—despised the cleansing of our gutters, the ventilation of our jails and hospitals, the persons of the emigrants landing on our shores! What grounds of respect for humanity remain, on which to rest the claims of the slave?

When human life is held as cheap as the lives of cattle, and hundreds are annually slaughtered on our coast by shipwrecks, against which a correct public sentiment would provide—when fire, fraud, pestilence, flood, are let loose, by the recklessness of public sentiment, to devastate the well-being, the happiness and the virtue of our own Northern community, will you expect the *slave* to be a genuine object of feeling—is his humanity any more obvious than that of our own sons and daughters? I tell you that contempt for man, selfish insensibility to the worth of human beings, is at the bottom of the pro-slavery conscience of the North, and that its indifference or opposition to Abolition is only a fair average of its general undeveloped and unawakened spirituality, and lack of dignity of soul. I account for the course this cause has taken by the general sentiments that prevail, and I judge of the sentiments by the practices of the people.

Now, observe that I neither express wonder nor indignation in regard to these low sentiments. I enter into no comparison of our American or Northern community with others. Above all, I claim no personal superiority to the public opinion that embosoms me. And I must go further and add, that I doubt whether the heartiest and most devoted Abolitionists are superior to it. They, too, show contempt for man, not seldom, in the sweeping nature of their charges against South and North, as distinguished from other communities; in the ferocity with which they hunt down a reputation worn by any imperfect, hesitating or honestly differing friend of their own principles who has rendered himself obnoxious to their censure. They have done what they could, I am sorry to say, to neutralize the general influence of one of the purest, most enlightened and reverential men in our country, a recent colleague of my own in this city, because his rhetoric offended their taste. I mean to show respect to them, by using the freedom they contend for, in speaking my own thoughts and not theirs in this presence. And I pronounce the rhetorical excess, the personal abuse, the want of candour and carefulness which have so often characterized the Abolition platform as a part of the contempt for humanity, which, in the end, falls heaviest upon the person of the slave.

It is because the roots of slavery lie so deep in the moral indifference and general inhumanity of society that I have ventured to say that the anti-slavery cause has not yet fully comprehended its own dignity and importance. If we might speculate without irreverence upon the final cause of slavery in the United States, it might be said to be this, that its eradication, through the awakened conscience of the people, might perfect the education of freedom and humanity. So firmly convinced am I of the vast significance and importance of this agitation, of its bearings upon the general prospects of humanity, of the tendency it has to open anew, and keep open, the fundamental questions of human rights, to break up false systems of moral philosophy, ventilate a pernicious theology, and displace superstition and outside morality, with living faith and virtue, that I should hold the cessation of the controversy as a calamity to the human race. Perhaps it has done more to check and restrain the worldliness of our prosperous civilization, to keep afloat those general ideas, which sink to the bottom in stagnant periods of thought, to banish priestcraft and save enthusiasm and eloquence, than all the other reform movements of modern times. But it has a still greater work before it: to purify and quicken the national estimate of humanity. God has hid away the human soul in the black man's skin, and his darker prison, that, in finding it, we may rediscover our alienated and forgotten nature, and rejoice more over the one that was lost than over the ninety and nine who went not astray.

When I hear men coolly talk of the inferiority of the coloured race to the whites, as a reason for allowing them to rest in bondage, I feel how imperfectly Christianity has conquered the prejudices of colour and condition, or displaced the assumptions of power with the claims of mercy. What if the coloured race be inferior to the whites? Is strength ever to tyrannize over weakness? Does might make right in a Christian and Republican country? Shall manhood continue to abuse womanhood on the same principle? But what is meant by inferiority of race? Have we the record of any creature who is human, yet not made in the image of God? It is a matter of small consequence to me how the ethnological controversy may terminate, whether in establishing the historical unity of origin to the human race, or in proving a variety of sources to it. My respect for humanity is not paid to shades of difference, graduated by facial angles, and contracted or lengthened as hair is crisped, curled or straight, or brightening and fading as colour is white, black or brown—but to the fixed common nature of men; the identical intellect, conscience and heart. It is a *man*, and not a brute, the slaveholder wants; his value to him lies in this, that he *is* a man—a man in all but a free will—and can bring thought, passion, calculation to a work that brutes cannot perform. Nay, it is as man, surely not as beast, that he uses the slave for his lust, or to gratify his sense of power. But why do I insult by argument, the instincts of that humanity that dares not deny its fellowship with the slave? If the slave is not a man and an immortal, then humanity itself is a fable, and all our self-respect and complacency in our nature a delusion and a lie.

But surely the slaves are but grown up children, and emancipation, immediate emmancipation, is not to be thought of, except as the height of cruelty? I confess I should be willing and glad to take the whole and undivided responsibility of immediate emancipation upon my own conscience. It would be a magnificent confidence in humanity and in the God of justice to do that act of right, to undo that tremendous wrong, and take the consequences. I believe, with all my heart, that it would be utterly, sublimely safe both for the whites and the blacks. What have the whites to fear from a race, the tenderness of whose affections towards them they are continually boasting? What have the blacks to fear in the midst of a country that is absolutely dependent on their labour for existence, and with a pressing necessity for the subsistence which wages and employment alone could furnish them? But they are children and unable to take care of themselves? Is not that the very reason for placing them where they *must* take care of themselves, and is not this very necessity the friendliest thing they can incur, the very discipline their manhood needs? But suppose they are lazy, vicious and dangerous? Let them be treated as we treat lazy, vicious and dangerous white men. We shut them up in prisons; we compel them to self-support; we shoot them, if needs be; we hang them, if we must. It would be contemptuous to humanity not to do so. We want no rose-water, sugar-plum dealings with any class of society, black or white. The slaves are wronged full as much by protection and fondling as by servitude and severity. Free them and throw them upon the responsibility of manhood. Take care of yourselves, white men, and let the black man take care of himself. If he is of an ignoble race, effete and foolish, he will die out. If he cannot be civilized, he will perish, and society be relieved of a race which has no claim to perpetuation. In slavery he has an unn

rent funds, by way of raising capital enough for the concert to start; and if a sufficient number of fools can be found to invest this sum, a vessel may be procured to convey them to the Mosquito Coast. This original financial feature inclines us to believe that our advice has been adopted, and that the Hon. R. J. Walker has been enlisted as the fiscal manager of the new Republic. But we respectfully advise those of our fellow-citizens who have as much as $25 to spare, to bestow it on some other portion of the country's poor than the authors of this expedition.

There is also another difficulty to which the attention of these enterprising young men is politely requested. There are now on the Mosquito Coast three or four British ships-of-war under the command of Commodore Henderson, and when Col. Kinney arrives there at the head of his army the gallant Commodore will be pretty sure to be present also, and to put a veto upon the debarkation of Kinney. No doubt this will be a great outrage, and an insult not only to the dignity of Kinney, but to that of the United States, the Star Spangled Banner, &c., &c. But still as Mr. Marcy says that the Fillibusters will not be protected by our Government in Central America —at least not until after they have succeeded in establishing a slave State—we fear that this insult will have to be borne, and that the heroic Kinney will be compelled to sail away and live to fight another day. Thus will end the new Moonshine Enterprise; and the adventurers, lucky in having been excluded from the swamps, the fevers, and the Indians of the country, will be luckier yet if their investment of $25 apiece has left them anything to pay their way home with. Such are the prospects that await the followers of President Johnson and Gen. Kinney. Under the circumstances they will perhaps deem it advisable to put off establishing the Republic of Grab-town, until more prosperous times. When money is worth three per cent. a month, and when the Hon. Mr. Walker cannot even humbug the Governor of Texas, the conquest of the Mosquito Swamps can hardly be considered a profitable speculation. Col. Kinney had better go back to Texas, and the Hon. Cost Johnson resume his practice at the bar of Baltimore.—*Ibid.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1855.

☞ ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in Boston, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, January 24th and 25th—to which all who take an interest in the Anti-Slavery Movement, whatever may be their views on the subject, are cordially invited—the platform being free to all, in order that error may be exposed and the truth established. The members and friends of the Society, in particular, are expected to give a cheering attendance, animated by a spirit that knows nothing of weariness, unquenchable in its zeal, indomitable in its purpose, sagacious, resolute, uncompromising.

☞ Further particulars hereafter.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,
FRANCIS JACKSON, President.
Robert F. Wallcut, Rec. Sec.

MR. BELLOWS'S LECTURE.

ON the first page of this week's STANDARD will be found a full report of the Lecture of the Rev. Mr. Bellows before the New York Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday evening, the 2d inst. It is quite unnecessary that we should direct attention to it, or commend it to the consideration of the reader, for this its own intrinsic merit is sure to command for it, as that his reputation is sure to secure. He takes a large and philosophical view of the subject of slavery, considering it, as is natural for one of his profession, rather in that radical evil of the human heart on which it rests than in the consequences to which such an indulgence of depraved passion must inevitably lead. He attributes to the North equally with the South the low sentiment and want of Christian and humane principle which suffers the existence among us of so great a crime as human bondage, and looks only for a cure of such an enormity in a thorough regeneration of the national character. This view of the subject is, of course, tinctured with the philosophy of the religious sect of which Mr. Bellows is one of the most distinguished members, and which strives always, even in criticism and condemnation, to lean to the side of charity. But to this, we take it, hardly the most rigid Calvinist would object, as every man must present his own views in his own way; and if not true enough to himself to let the principles which govern his life give a character to his discourse, he can hardly be expected to be true to the subject of which he treats.

To Mr. Bellows's position, "that contempt for man, selfish insensibility to the worth of human beings is at the bottom of the pro-slavery conscience of the North," as well as the pro-slavery character of the South, we cordially assent. Indeed, more than that: we heartily thank him that he has so ably and eloquently, with such a wealth of illustration, with such a steady eye to the absolutely true, with such a disregard of the universal spirit of compromise, and with such a fearless, and withal modest, refusal to listen to the echo of popular clamour and prejudice, set forth, in new light and new strength, a principle which, from the beginning, has been made the very centre of anti-slavery effort. And certainly we feel that he now justifies all good and true Abolitionists, as he has never justified them before, in hailing him as henceforth a co-worker in the good cause; as one who, with all his soul and all his might, will aid in the solution of "the very problem of the Gospel of Jesus Christ"; as one who will be a helper in the agitation which has already done so much "to check and restrain the worldliness of our prosperous civilization, to keep afloat those general ideas which sink to the bottom in stagnant periods of thought, to banish priestcraft and save enthusiasm and eloquence," and which has "yet to purify and quicken the national estimate of humanity."

There is, however, another side to the shield, of which the reader should not lose sight, though it was not within the plan of the lecturer to present it. If there be no true and genuine humanity in the people of the United States, on which the anti-slavery cause may rest; if there be no steadfast and everlasting principle in their hearts which can be appealed to on behalf of the wretched and oppressed among their own countrymen; or if such humane sentiments and such principles must first be aroused in a nation oppressed with a deep and guilty sleep ere there can be a growth of even hope that at length the voice of justice and mercy shall be listened to; so also is it true that we are reduced to this deplorable condition of moral poverty—this wretched ignorance of all that makes a nation truly great and noble—*because* slavery exists among us; *because* in forgetting these poor whom we have always had with us, we have lost ourselves; *because* though we may have gained, as we think, the whole world, are building to ourselves cities and palaces which will soon, if they do not already, rival the magnificence of the Old World, ships that carry more and sail more swiftly than anything that ever before floated, railroads that run further and faster—and kill more people, if that is a merit—have made the wilderness to bloom as a garden, and have placed ourselves, as a nation, among the foremost of the earth, yet have we lost our own souls. It is not merely that we tolerate the existence of slavery because we want strength and purity, and all true greatness; but we want all these because we have loved, and cherished, and nourished this vile thing above all virtue and all purity, and made of this evil our good. We knew better once; if we know no better now, it is because we have chosen the darkness rather than the light. This also we should remember; and our intolerance of a system that has worked us this mischief, and which flows in upon us now in all the avenues of life, in all our social, commercial and political relations, which stands in the pulpit and presides at the feast of the sacrament, stalks at high noon on the Exchange, and sits at our very hearth-stones—our intolerance of such a system should know no bounds, and the devotion, and sacrifice, if need be, of our lives in uncompromising hostility to the tremendous wrong that has worked us such evil should never cease.

But, much as we like the tone and the method of Mr. Bellows's Lecture, there are two points on which we wish to record a protest. We refer to his allusion to Dr. Dewey, and to certain rather sweeping charges, as they seem to us, which he makes against the Abolitionists. On either point we have not room to say our say this week, so fully as we wish, and therefore we must content ourselves, for the present, with simply observing —with a motion for arrest of judgment—that, as regards Dr. Dewey, Mr. Bellows, we think, misapprehends both his position and ours. We believe we shall be able to show that the question between us is one with which "rhetoric" has nothing to do, and that the attempt—happily successful—to neutralize the influence of that reverend gentleman was made because that influence, great and wide-spread as it was, has always been thrown, and particularly at the momentous crisis of the occasion referred to, was thrown as a dead-weight into the scales against the hopes of the slave, and against the prayer and the agony of the more wretched fugitive. The task is not a pleasant one, but we cannot shrink from it when it is set us by Dr. Dewey and his friends.

*JAS. McCUNE SMITH vs. THE STANDARD.**

IN *Frederick Douglass's Paper* of Dec. 29th our answer to the mendacious assault of Dr. James McCune Smith (published in the *Standard* of Dec. 23d) is followed by a rejoinder from the Doctor, as follows:

COMMUNIPAW'S REPLY!

A cross indictment, containing a preamble and eight counts. The preamble may be taken up last without injury to the proceedings.

1st count: I stand corrected. Was led into the error by the fact that many of the lecturers announced were the same in both cities, and by the fact that Dr. S. G. Howe was noticed as "shaking hands" pretty cordially with MESSRS. Phillips, Garrison & Co., on the platform in Faneuil Hall, in the great Burns night, and was also noticed as being *absent*, like them, when the Court-house door was stormed, on the same night; this was so unlike Dr. Howe of the Greek revolution, and so like Old Organization, that he was mistaken by me for "one of them." The mistake was as natural as that which led Oliver to treat his New York audience to a *pro-slavery* lecture in the *anti slavery* course, last winter, by a man named BEECHER.

2d count: it will be included in reply to preamble.

3d count: it is very natural that Oliver, smoothly pocketing a thousand a year salary, exclusive of pickings and *commissions*, should grow "jolly" over the idea that the source whence he gets it is "effete"; it is a decaying carcass which affords the richest morsel to the turkey-buzzard.

4th count: true, every word of it; Frederick Douglass has a higher mission than to bandy words with tattlers and eaves-droppers.

5th count: well put; among the pro-slavery doings of Dr. Baird has been this: finding a coloured gentleman of talent, he employed him to draw and colour very many maps, illustrating his lectures; for these, he paid him just what he would have paid a white man, *deducting no commissions*; and, wherever he went, he named and described the artist and his complexion in proof of what coloured men could do: this coloured gentleman, Patrick H. Reason, is President of the Literary Union. Has Old Organization been as "faithful" to coloured gentlemen of talent? Has it paid them equal salaries with white lecturers?

6th count: does not lie (I mean in a *legal* sense); it does not rebut the charge that single ladies, last year, could attend the whole course of anti-slavery lectures for one dollar, and this year single ladies must pay three dollars for the course, or degrade themselves by hiring some man to go halves with them; and this from the *women's rights* party! As to the tickets *given* to the poor, that fling may pass with those who have not heard the eagle scream on a dime when Oliver parts with it.

7th count: part will be included in reply to preamble; in regard to Mr. Remond's receipt, in possession of Mr. O. Johnson, we did not ask for that; we wished Mr. R. to say how much cash he did receive; and we asked for it to contradict a *whisper* that had assumed the following shape, to wit:

Paid Mr. W. L. Garrison, lecturer,	- - - -	$50 00
" Mr. C. L. Remond,	" - - - -	25 00
" Mr. Wendell Phillips,	" - - - -	00 00
" Mr. Horace Greeley,	" - - - -	00 00

I am the more anxious to hear from Mr. Remond, because he might have received more than Mr. Greeley, &c. If he says he did receive as much as Mr. Garrison, I shall take great pleasure in contradicting the *whisper*.

8th count: Mr. Gay's salary is twelve hundred dollars per annum; if he does not get it, it is because he is not so sharp a financier as his colleague, who does get this. The journeys of the latter to Boston bode Mr. G. no good; when "the little joke" turns up, in May next, there may be a new editor in chief of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. It will be a sad time on the "beautiful but exposed" Island, for the

"nautae quo fonte relictum
Clamasseut: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret."

Concerning "manners," if it be not disgraceful in Mr. G. or Mr. J. to receive a stipend for editing an anti-slavery paper, there is no disgrace in talking or writing about the fact; they are public servants open to public criticism.

Preamble. The real charge, in my letter, is contained in the statement that American Abolitionists do not, as organizations, treat black men as men, and, therefore, do not regard them as such. And the preamble above and the tone of the *counts* confirm this view. When Gerrit Smith, a month ago, over his own signature, accused the *Standard*, mistakingly, of doing what it had not done, the *Standard*, in honied phrase, begged him to review his statement; but when his (suspicioned) *coloured* namesake, under a *nom de plume*, in like manner accuses the *Standard*, he is peremptorily branded as a liar; thus in the South, also, *suspicion* is enough to condemn the negro. And I have yet to learn the difference between the negro-dair living on the sweat of from him living on the sympathy for the slave. Theodore Parker and William Lloyd Garrison are "gentlemen"; but neither the wealth and scholarship of Langston, nor the polish of Remond, nor the fine culture of Wells Brown, can raise them above the term of *coloured men* in the columns of the *Standard*. And, last Spring, when Robert Purvis arose to speak in the presence and behalf of the host, his manhood was insulted by Mr. Garrison, who distinguished him as a *coloured* man, and his holiest feelings outraged by Mr. Furness, who said that he had demeaned himself to "marrying a dark brown woman, when he could have had a white one!"

These and like occurrences indicate that, at the core, such Abolitionists do not recognise the manhood of the black man; and, with such facts and such inference before us, it is not wonderful that the bitterness of despair will, once in a while, breathe forth from our lips; hence the fearful complaint of the black men who met at Cleveland, in August, that their manhood is nowhere recognised in this land; and hence, too, the significant fact, that of the half million of free coloured persons in the United States, there are not two hundred men who can be named as adhering to old organization. It may be, as Mr. Garrison asserts, that our intelligence is not equal to grasp "the philosophy of the anti-slavery movement," yet our instincts are true to liberty; we know who do and who do not regard us as *men*.

I had almost forgotten the 2d count. In our ignorance, we had regarded Messrs. Remond and Wells Brown as part and parcel of the old organization, and did not speak of its invitations to those *within* the host; we stand corrected; they are the *coloured* portion of the "host."

Begging to be excused from replying to what relates to James McCune Smith, on the ground that he is too insignificant a person to be considered in this country, I am, in his behalf, Mr. Editor,

Yours affectionately, COMMUNIPAW.

New York, Dec. 23, 1854.

Mr. Douglass himself throws his handful of mud in the following style:

THE OLD CONTROVERSY RE-OPENED.—The few words dropped by "Communipaw," in our columns of Dec. 15th, although inserted in our absence and without our knowledge, has brought down upon our "devoted head" a new batch of malignant abuse, from the bitterly envenomed pen of Mr. Oliver Johnson. Whatever may be said, in this case, as to the accuracy of "Communipaw" in regard to the price demanded by Oliver Johnson for tickets for the whole course of lectures in New York, we know our esteemed correspondent well enough to declare him incapable of an intentional misrepresentation of facts. And as to the general conclusion come to by "Communipaw" respecting the *animus* of the *Standard* towards men of colour, the whole spirit of Mr. Johnson's article is proof, *as strong as thunder*, of its correctness. One can almost see his nose turned up, and his lip curled with contempt, as he pens the "*Maryland fugitive*."

Although Mr. Johnson has evidently aimed to make us a responsible party to this controversy, and to transfer to us the business of replying to him, and as much as we are disposed to oblige, even a dishonourable enemy, we, nevertheless, must beg to be excused from any participation in this quarrel for the present. We have appointments for lectures (Lyceum and others), extending from Rochester, N. Y., to Bangor, Maine, and cannot, if we would, give our attention to the paid calumniator, who now wishes to provoke a bitter personal quarrel with us. That "Communipaw" is fully equal to the position he has assumed, and will triumphantly vindicate himself in this controversy, it is needless for us to declare. If there is one man in this country more than any other (always excepting Gerrit Smith) who has deserved the love, the esteem and gratitude of the oppressed in this country, that man is he who writes in our columns over the signature of "Communipaw." While Oliver Johnson has laboured like a cab horse for his oats, stopping longest where he was getting *most*, and quitting quickest where he was getting *least*, "Communipaw" has worked for his people, without "*fee or reward.*" Where the merits of the respective parties are to be considered, there can be no doubt upon which side disinterested spectators will register their testimony.

To the personal abuse so liberally bestowed upon us, in this new chapter of blunders, falsehoods and grovelling innendos, we offer no reply Dr. Smith is welcome to all the laurels he may win in that sort of warfare. We must consult our taste, if not our self-respect, and decline a contest in which victory would be even more disgraceful than defeat. If the reputation we have won by our connection with the anti-slavery cause, from its first organization till the present hour, is not proof against assaults of such a character, from such a source, it surely is not worth our while to defend it. So far are we from being disturbed by this personal vituperation, that we regard it as the best testimony to our fidelity to the cause that could emanate from such a quarter. It is, moreover, a virtual, though ungracious, confession of judgment, on the part of Dr. Smith, in respect to every essential point at issue. It is only when a party to a controversy is smarting under conscious defeat, and knows that his cause has no footing either in truth or justice, that he substitutes abuse for argument and low insinuations for manly blows. It is not pleasant, to be sure, to have your garments bespattered with filth by a baffled assailant; but, in a just cause, one may endure the infliction with a good degree of patience.

Whatever doubts an unenlightened charity may have been able to suggest in respect to the animus of Dr. Smith's first attack, his present tirade reveals his unscrupulous malignity to Old Organization too plainly to leave any room for question, thus fully justifying the tone of our former article. The maligner having essentially unmasked himself, nothing remains for us but to speak, as briefly as we may, on a few points, in respect to which silence on our part might, in some quarters, subject the cause to injury and ourselves to misinterpretation.

1. Dr. Smith asserts, with impudent positiveness, that "Mr. Gay's salary *is* $1,200 per annum." We cannot see that it is any of Dr. Smith's business—who has never contributed a penny to the funds of our Society—whether the salary in question is a large or a small one. But a falsehood is none the less a falsehood for being well stuck to; and it is due to truth to say that Mr. Gay's salary is, and always has been, much short of the sum named.

2. The talk about "single women" having to pay $3 to attend the Anti-Slavery Lectures, or "degrade themselves by hiring some man to go with them" (!!!) is little better than ribaldry. Of course, women, in a city like this, do not often go to lectures unattended by a male friend, though such cases do sometimes occur. And it often happens that two women wish to go with the same man. To accommodate both these classes *half* tickets have been furnished at half price. The first application for such a ticket was declined only for the moment, to consult the committee, the chairman of which immediately afterwards ordered a message to be sent to the applicant that the desired half-ticket would be furnished. If Dr. Smith had not been *seeking* occasion for fault-finding, and utterly reckless of truth, he would never have made any complaint in regard to this matter. One would suppose that a coloured man, writing to a coloured man's newspaper, might find something to commend in a Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures like that which the Old Organizationists have instituted in this city; but Dr. Smith had no word of commendation in his heart. With a ticket, bought at half price, in his pocket, he could only abuse the managers of the lectures, accusing them of being governed by complexional prejudice, because they did not invite a betrayer of their cause and a bitter personal enemy to their platform, instead of a trusted friend. Mr. Brown's *complexion* does not suit Dr. Smith. His epidermis has no stain of treachery!

3. In regard to the payment of lecturers last year, let us silence cavil by stating the exact truth. With two exceptions (Messrs. Hale and Beecher) the lecturers were all engaged with the understanding that they should receive $25. Mr. Hale, having delivered the opening lecture, was, according to the general custom, paid a larger sum, while Mr. Beecher was not asked to lecture for less than his usual price. Mr. Garrison was asked to write out his lecture for publication as a tract, and was paid accordingly, the committee choosing to compensate *him* for that labour rather than a reporter. The ten other lecturers were all offered the equal compensation agreed upon; some of them accepted the amount, and others gave a part or the whole as a free-will offering to the treasury of the Society. Among those who very properly took the fee was Horace Greeley, who, "Communipaw" says, took nothing; while Wendell Phillips, whose general rule it is to receive no compensation, not even his expenses, for an anti-slavery lecture, was, on this occasion, among those who accepted his expenses. Do Dr. Smith's "whispers" need further notice?

4. Dr. Smith sneers at the intimation that tickets to the Anti-Slavery Lectures are given to the poor. On this point we will simply say, that from seventy-five to one hundred *season* tickets have been given to persons unable to purchase them, while many tickets for single admissions are thus distributed every week, the managers taking pains to seek out proper objects for such attention. In other cases, as in that of the Doctor himself, tickets have been sold at less than the regular price. Is not the meanness of the Dr.'s sneer sufficiently apparent?

5. Dr. Smith, having first declared that Douglass, Pennington and others were "excluded from the platform of lectures" "*because they are coloured*," now seeks to change the issue, pretending that he was speaking only of invitations to coloured men *out of the ranks of the Old Organization!* The language of his first assault utterly defies this interpretation, which comes as an after-thought, to enable him to escape from a dilemma. His declaration was, that "*there is no room for black men*"—not Old Organized black men, but *black* men—"on the Old Organized platform." He remembers to forget, moreover, that Mr. Langston, who is not a member of the Old Organization, was invited to lecture in the New York course. The real point which he attempts to befog is just this: that the American Anti-Slavery Society, in its dealings with *black* men as well as whites, discriminates between its friends and its enemies—between those who only differ from it in opinion on some question of fact or of policy, and those who have betrayed the cause and proved treacherous to its friends. When Dr. Smith finds us inviting to our "platform of lectures" any of those false-hearted *white* men who have been libelling the American Anti-Slavery Society and its managers for years past, declaring us to be infidels and disorganizers, we will give him leave to insist that we should treat *coloured* men of the same sort in the same way. At present, however, we are not quite so poorly furnished with coloured associates as to be under the necessity of seeking for them among our enemies.

6. We come now to the "real charge" of Dr. Smith, "that American Abolitionists do not, as organizations, treat black men as men, and therefore do not regard them as such." Observe, the charge is not against individual Abolitionists, but against anti-slavery organizations. We shall not be expected to speak for any other organizations than those with which we are immediately identified; and in respect to these we repel the charge as without any foundation in truth, as the suggestion of a morbid jealousy, or the offspring of an invidious and hostile spirit. Dr. Smith says, "that of the half-million of free coloured persons in the United States, there are not two hundred men who can be named as adhering to Old Organization." This, of course, like almost every other statement of the Doctor, is untrue. But we have a right to hold *him* to his own estimate, and we affirm that, according to it, the Old Organization has employed as agents, or otherwise, far more than an equal proportion of properly qualified coloured men, in comparison with the whole number of that class who cooperate therewith. The Anti-Slavery Society was formed, not to afford employment to any body, black or white, but to aid, by the best means within its reach, in abolishing slavery. If, in the selection of agents, the question of complexion has had influence at all, that influence has invariably operated in favour of the coloured man. The Old Organization has ever been prompt to recognize and employ coloured men of ability, as we might show by various examples. Fidelity to the cause and capacity to serve it is all that the Society has demanded. It has asked no more than this of black men—no less than this of white men. The salaries of coloured agents, moreover, have been adjusted upon considerations wholly independent of their complexion—considerations identical with those which have determined the compensation of white men. For the truth of this statement, we are content to appeal to honourable-minded coloured men themselves. An Anti-Slavery Society, of course, can employ for agents those only who embrace its principles and heartily cooperate with it in carrying them out. The American Society, for example, cannot be expected to prefer its coloured enemies to its white friends—to dismiss its Fosters, its Burleighs, its Pillsburys and its Mays, who have ever been true to the cause, to make places for Dr. Pennington, *a minister of a slaveholding Church*, and such maligners as Dr. Smith and Frederick Douglass, who are doing all in their power to blast the reputations of those who guide its affairs.

We need no better evidence that Dr. Smith and Mr. Douglass do not themselves believe their charge to be true, than is furnished in the character of the only evidence they offer in support of it. They affect to see in the tone of our former article, and in the general bearing of the STANDARD toward coloured people, indications that we "do not, at the core, recognise the manhood of the black man." This, to call things by their right names, is the adroit appeal (*ad captandum vulgus*) of baffled demagogues, who, having neither argument nor truth on which to stand, hope to excite an unfounded jealousy against their antagonists amongst those less intelligent than themselves.

The Doctor pretends to believe that the difference between our treatment of Gerrit Smith and that awarded to himself is to be accounted for on the score of colour! It might have occurred to him, were modesty one of his weaknesses, that Gerrit Smith, perhaps, has earned a place in our reverence and regard, to which his "namesake" has not yet proved his title. But the two cases were wholly unlike. Gerrit Smith was simply mistaken in his recollection of what the STANDARD had said of him personally. The Doctor, of whom the STANDARD had said not a word, stood before us in the character of a gratuitous libeler. His language, the whole character and manner of his assault, proclaimed him, not an honestly mistaken friend, but an unscrupulous enemy. The difference was one, not of complexion, but of character—of the heart, not of the skin. After assailing us in the most shameless manner, without the slightest provocation, and getting therefor the castigation he deserved, Dr. Smith now whimpers about being a "coloured man," as if we were bound, on that account, to handle him tenderly! For us to *call* him a "coloured man" is an offence, and yet in the same breath he asserts a claim to our compassion on the ground that he *is* one! Is this manly in one who wears the honours of a University, and seeks to confound his unlearned antagonist by an ostentatious display of Latin?

Another evidence of our non-recognition of the manhood of those whose complexion is darker than our own is discovered in our speaking of them as "*coloured* men." Nothing can raise them above the term of *coloured men* in the columns of the STANDARD," says the Doctor, affecting an air of despairing grief. But the only answer he has to the charge that the course of lectures, got up by himself and others, was inaugurated by a pro-slavery Doctor of Divinity, is—Oh! *he* got a *coloured* man to draw some maps for him, and is always careful to state the fact! And against such a fact the pro-slavery course of his whole life goes for nothing! When Dr. Baird, a Colonizationist and a supporter of slavery, exhibits the maps of Patrick H. Reason, it is all right for *him* to "name and describe the artist and his *complexion*"—to say, 'Behold this evidence of the genius of a "*coloured* man;"' but for the STANDARD to say of the intellectual and oratorical efforts of the "wealthy and scholarly Langston," the "polished Remond" and the "finely cultured Wells Brown" (we presume these gentlemen will know how to appreciate these honied compliments from such a source!), 'See! here is the evidence of what "*coloured* men" can do'; when, in short, for the purpose of shaming the spirit of caste, we are careful to give "coloured men" credit for every honourable achievement, it is set down as an evidence that, "at the core," we "do not recognise the manhood of the black man"!! Are these maligners ashamed of their complexion, that any reference thereto, with however friendly intent, is deemed an offence? A coloured man certainly *is* a coloured man, and we confess that the idea, that the "term" is one of reproach among Abolitionists, is new to us. On the Old Organization platform, however it may be elsewhere, a man is none the less a MAN for being a "*coloured* man." There is, therefore, no need that such should be "raised above the term" which truthfully describes them, since none are higher than they.

The statement that Mr. Garrison "insulted the manhood of Mr. Purvis," and that Mr. Furness "outraged his feelings," is both ridiculous and false. The words which Dr. Smith puts into the mouth of the latter were never uttered by him. The quotation is simply a fraud, invented to serve a dishonest purpose. Mr. Purvis will be duly grateful, no doubt, for the aid of Dr. Smith in defending his "manhood" from "insult" and "outrage" by William Lloyd Garrison and Wm. H. Furness!

Dr. Smith attributes the alleged "significant fact," that a comparatively small proportion of the coloured people adhere to the Old Organization, to an instinctive perception on their part that that organization does not recognise their manhood! He might as rationally affirm that the reason why so few *white* people unite with us is, that *their* manhood is disregarded by us. The truth is, that coloured people are kept out of Anti-Slavery Societies by the same influences which keep out those whose skins are of a different complexion from theirs. It is not that their perception teaches them that those Societies do not recognise their manhood, for they know the contrary to be the fact; but it is that many of them are either pro-slavery in feeling, or indifferent to the wrongs of the slave. To a great extent they are wedded to sectarianism, or misguided by priestcraft, or swayed by the fear of public opinion. Sometimes they are influenced by an apprehension that an active participation in anti-slavery efforts, especially in connection with a Society which their priests tell them is an "infidel" association, would destroy the profits of their business. For these, and similar reasons, the great mass of the coloured people have always stood aloof from the anti-slavery cause. They have acted, in this respect, very much like the great mass of white people. Oftentimes their churches have been shut against anti-slavery meetings. This, if we are not mistaken, is the fact at present in respect to more than one temple of worship, belonging to coloured people, in this city. Dr. Smith himself was for years, if he is not now, a member (or worshipper) of St. Philip's Episcopal Church in this city—a Church of coloured people, which consents to employ a white pro-slavery minister—a supporter of the Fugitive Slave law—and which for years degraded itself by seeking the privilege of being represented in the pro-slavery Diocesan Convention of New York! Dr. Smith says the instincts of the coloured people "are true to liberty," and that "they know who do and who do not regard them as men." It is a pity that so many of them turn their instincts to such poor account. If the instinct of the members of St. Philip's Church were true to liberty, then were they *false* to those instincts in seeking an alliance with their white oppressors, while they turned away, for the most part, from the anti-slavery cause. And this is but one illustration of a hundred that might be offered. That "their instincts are true to liberty" is no more true of the coloured than of white people. In a sense, it is true of both classes, but the difficulty with both alike is that they are so often false to their instincts.

The indifference to the anti-slavery cause of the great mass of the coloured people in this city was illustrated last year in the fact, that although the Anti-Slavery Lectures were advertised in many of their churches, and tickets offered to them at half-price, the number who attended was exceedingly small. And this year the attendance is not much better. We mention this, not by way of complaint, but to rebut the implied assumption that the coloured people, as such, are Abolitionists. In this city there are a few faithful coloured friends of the cause, whose faces are both familiar and welcome at the Anti-Slavery Office, and by whose hearty cooperation we are constantly cheered. We wish the number of such were far greater than it is. But if, as Dr. Smith asserts, the coloured people are repelled from the Old Organization by a conviction that their manhood is not recognised therein, will he explain why it is that so few of them can be induced to cooperate earnestly and actively with other associations, in respect to which, according to him, there is no ground for any such feeling? Will he tell us how it came to pass that, notwithstanding that ardent and devoted friend of the coloured people, his favourite, the pro-slavery Dr. Baird, had been puffed from any number of coloured pulpits, less than twenty coloured people attended his lecture? If they have turned away from Mr. Garrison and his friends only in sorrow that they are not regarded as men on the anti-slavery platform (!!), surely we might expect them to flock in crowds to testify their regard for a Doctor of Divinity, who, notwithstanding his advocacy of slavery, Colonization and the Fugitive Slave law, had, by employing a coloured artist and puffing his work, satisfied their keen and jealous "instincts" that *he*, unlike the naughty Garrison Abolitionists, believed that the coloured man was indeed a MAN! And yet that ardent lover of the coloured people (preferred before Garrison by Dr. Smith, as the Jews preferred Barrabbas to Jesus!) had hardly more than a dozen coloured hearers. How shall we account for such ingratitude? Has it not been well said that "'instinct' is a great matter"?

—And now, a word to Mr. Douglass. It is certainly cool in him to talk of *us* as seeking to re-open an old controversy with him, when our allusions to him were only such as became necessary in repelling the gratuitous attack of Dr. Smith—an attack which his own attitude toward the American Society and its friends, and his relations with the Doctor, alike invited. Dr. Smith, no doubt, knows what sort of wares are wanted in the Rochester market, and how he may best please his employer.

Mr. Douglass finds evidence of the bad animus of the STANDARD towards coloured people in the fact that we spoke of him as "the fugitive from Maryland." His imagination pictures us as penning these words with "nose turned up" and "lips curled with contempt." Well, that is strange! We had thought that Mr. Douglass was proud of being a "fugitive from Maryland"—that he gloried in the chapter of his history which that title commemorates, as the proudest in his whole life. Now that we know he has become ashamed of that title, we shall be careful not to offend his dignity by repeating it. Will he like it better if we call him "the fugitive from Old Organization"? For ourselves, we think the escape from Maryland, whether considered in reference to the object of the feat or the manner in which it was accomplished, was by far the most creditable of the two. Both were by the *underground* way, but the one was an honourable escape from slavery, the other a sinuous departure from the true friends of liberty; the one a step forward and upward, the other a fall backward and downward!

Mr. Douglass compares us to "a cab horse working for his oats." Now we like that. It is a rare compliment. The good horse is a pattern of industry, patience, fidelity, sagacity and nobleness; and these qualities are exactly those which make a good anti-slavery editor. A patient, hard-working, faithful horse *earns* his "oats," and need not be ashamed to be seen eating them. There are, however, horses of another sort, frisky, treacherous, balky—backing when they should go forward—vexing and worrying those that work at their side—gormandizers of "oats," but often kicking those who feed them and who built the cribs from which they eat—fancying, meanwhile, that their agility is equal to going both sides of the sapling at the same time! Mr. Douglass has not said that *we* are a horse of *that* colour! We love our provender, to be sure, and to have plenty of it—as what horse does not?—but we never "feel our oats" so as to run away with the load, or injure those who, trusting to our honour, give us a "loose rein." Thank you, Mr. Douglass! we owe you one!

—Some of our readers, perhaps, may think that we waste our breath in replying to such assaults as these of Dr. Smith. But they should reflect that we, who stand at the central point of observation, may see good reasons, not so apparent to others, for undertaking this disagreeable task. The truth is, that this attack of Dr. Smith is part of a systematic effort of unscrupulous and designing men to alienate the coloured people from the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, to excite among them a spirit of jealousy and hostility toward their white friends, and to organize them into a separate clan for the aggrandizement of those who aspire to be their leaders. The recent attacks of certain coloured men upon Mrs. Stowe—she having declined to place at their disposal certain funds entrusted to her by friends of the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain—are part and parcel of this scheme. Clear-sighted and honourable coloured men are fully aware of the movements of these mischief-makers, and are doing all in their power to defeat them. They will thank us for vindicating the Old Organization from such assaults, and for unmasking the designs of those who make them. This agitation of the elements will give us a clearer atmosphere, in which we may the better discriminate between those coloured people who are Abolitionists at heart, and those who would make their skins a cover for meanness, treachery and self-seeking. A score of coloured people (among the most intelligent and worthy of their class) have already assured us of their approbation of our course. We prize such testimonials, spontaneously offered, from those who, though they are of the same complexion with our assailants, are like them in no other respect, and who are under no necessity of pleading the colour of their skins instead of the complexion of their lives in proof of their fidelity to the anti-slavery cause. The following letter is from one of the most intelligent coloured men in the city whence it comes. His name is in our possession, and we suppress it only because we are not sure that we are authorized to make it public. It is an honoured as well as honourable name.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27, 1854.

DEAR SIR: As one of the oppressed, for whose benefit you have been toiling, I thank you for the prompt, truthful and withering reply to the correspondent of *Douglass's Paper*, "Communipaw." When our Anti-Slavery Editors and others learn that they must deal with black slanderers as they do with "white" libelers, they will confer a double good upon our cause. They will show their absence from all favouritism on the score of complexion, and prove to the coloured man that he cannot maliciously misrepresent the conduct of the friends of the slave with impunity.

Yours for the right, B.

The following will speak for itself. The writer needs no recommendation to the confidence of our readers.

BYBERRY, Pa., Dec. 25, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I cannot repress the feeling to say that I thank you most heartily and earnestly for the well-timed castigation of McCune Smith. He deserved it, and I like the manner in which you have laid on the lash. The mistake of our friends, in dealing with "coloured" pro-slavery men, has always been, that they have shown a daintiness and scrupulosity most sickening to me. Intensely selfish, ungrateful and mean as has been the course of many of these "educated *gentlemen*," (?) it is well that they should be fairly dealt with—and in the case of this Smith, I again thank you, and add, "well done."

Yours, very truly, ROBERT PURVIS.

—We also subjoin the following letter from Mr. Langston, not to make him a party to the present controversy, but as the best evidence we could give of the truth of our former statement as to the invitation sent to him to lecture in this city. We deeply regret the miscarriage of his former letter. But he must have a hearing next year.

BROWNHELM, Ohio, Jan. 1, 1855.

DEAR FRIEND: As soon as I received your kind favour, inviting me to deliver a lecture in your course of Anti-Slavery Lectures in New York, I made you a reply, accepting the invitation, and telling you that I would be ready with my "strongest word." I heard no more of this matter until I saw your severe but just castigation of Dr. Smith in last week's STANDARD. I am sorry that my reply did not reach you.

Of course you will not think that I entertain any such feeling as Dr. Smith. Far from it. I believe that the American Anti-Slavery Society is composed of true anti-slavery men and women—men and women who are above making distinctions on the ground of colour.

Believe me yours, with very great respect,
J. MERCER LANGSTON.

RE-UNION OF A SUNDERED FAMILY.

FORTY-EIGHT years ago, two little coloured boys, named Peter and Levin Still, were playing in the highway near their father's house, on the Delaware river, in New Jersey, not far from Philadelphia, when a stranger passing by in a gig asked them to take a ride. The boys did so, and were thus kidnapped and carried to Lexington, Ky., where they were sold to one John Fisher. They were ultimately sold to other masters, and after thirteen years of slavery in Kentucky, were sent South, where they were purchased by John Hogan, of Franklin, South Alabama. At the age of twenty-four Levin died, but Peter continued a slave for thirty-one years. During this period he married a female slave belonging to one Barnard McKinon, a neighbour of his master, and had three children, two sons and a daughter. By years of extreme economy, Peter at last saved five hundred dollars. This was enough to purchase his freedom, and a worthy Jewish gentleman, acting for Peter, paid the money.

Peter bade farewell to his family, and went North, to Philadelphia (in 1850, we believe), to discover, if possible, his relatives. By a series of extraordinary providences (the story of which was published in the STANDARD soon afterwards), he found his aged mother, and eight brothers and sisters still living. He laboured for some time to save enough to buy the freedom of his family, but as his accumulations were slow and the amount to be raised very large—$5,000—he at last determined to appeal to the charitable public for aid. He went from place to place telling his story and asking assistance. In the meantime, his family ran away from their master. Travelling at night and lying by in the day time, they escaped from the slave States, and to Indiana, where, however, they were captured by a white man named Anderson, who resides near Vincennes, and who returned them to their master. The Abolitionists of Indiana made an effort to get them off, but did not succeed.

Upon being taken back they grew hopeless of ever getting free. At last, after four years of effort, Peter succeeded in raising the $5,000, and an agent was recently dispatched to Alabama to purchase his wife and children and restore them to his embraces. The agent was successful in his mission, and on Saturday, Dec. 30, the sundered family were reunited, the father meeting his children in Cincinnati, at the house of Levi Coffin, a well-known Abolitionist. The Cincinnati *Columbian*, after narrating the above facts, says that the interview was deeply affecting. One of the sons is twenty-seven, and the other twenty-four years of age.

One of them had a wife in Alabama, who died, leaving a babe only a few months old. When coming away the father begged hard for this little one, but it was worth $200. He had nothing, and came without it.

The sons informed the editor of the *Columbian* that, after they were taken from Indiana back to their master, they used to be sent for to make private revelations to slaves, who resided as far as twenty miles distant, and who

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Bazaar—Its success—Anti-Slavery Lectures—Ten years ago and now—Mr. Clay's Lecture—Others before and since—The Lecture Mania—Old Bullion in Boston—The Correspondent's opinion of him—The Know-Nothings in the State-House—The Speaker—How made—The Senatorship—Candidates on the Sly—General Wilson and Mr. Banks, &c. &c. &c.

BOTOSN, Jan. 8, 1855.

I LEFT off, when I wrote to you last, in the midst of my account of the Bazaar. I am happy to say that it went forward prosperously to a most successful conclusion. In spite of Hard Times, and of the delay in the arrival of several of the British boxes until the sales were nearly over, the receipts were the largest that have ever been taken—very nearly, if not quite, reaching the round sum of Five Thousand dollars. This result, so much beyond the reasonable expectations of the ladies concerned in it, is doubly gratifying. It shows that the spirit which informs that instrumentality is as active as ever, both in Europe and America, and also that the obstacles which a pro-slavery public sentiment has placed between the tables and the buying public have been in a degree shoved on one side. This Fair has always been a sort of thermometer to test the state of the moral atmosphere, and the change which it indicated this year as having taken place within a few years is not a little encouraging. When five thousand dollars can be procured in Boston, chiefly from persons unconnected with the Anti-Slavery Cause, by way of an Anti-Slavery Fair, and the largest hall in the city is crowded weekly to hear Anti-Slavery lectures, and the tickets actually selling at a premium, we must see that a very observable change has come over this public.

And this brings me to the Anti-Slavery Course of lectures. It has been as well attended, nearly, the two last weeks as ever. Mr. Clay, two weeks since, drew a very full house. His reputation had created a very general desire to see him as well as to hear him, which filled the house. His lecture was substantially what you had from him in New York, and contained truths which it is well to have uttered in as many ears as may be. He was received and dismissed with unequivocal expressions of the sense the audience entertained of his manly and courageous course in his own country. Mr. Greeley I did not hear; but, he also had a very full house. I well remember the course of lectures we tried to have (and did), ten years ago, in Amory Hall. The room would hold, perhaps, three hundred people, and the price of admission was a York Shilling. We gave them good entertainment, quite as good speakers as any of this year's orators; but, on no evening did we more than half fill the hall. The idea of a crowded course of Anti-Slavery Lectures would have then seemed to us as remote a possibility as the Abolition of Slavery itself. This change has come along in the "course of human events," and it is indicative of other changes yet to come.

There is a great determination of the popular taste, this year, in the direction of the Lecture Room. Almost every Course that has been set on foot has been successful. The Mercantile Library Association has had a most crowded and successful series. A trump card of their pack was Mr. Benton, who drew immensely. His lecture was more than two hours long, and looked upon as rather a bore by the many. However, he succeeded in enlisting in favour of his Railway Scheme many of our principal merchants and others of Our First Men. I hope these gentlemen had forgotten, or had never known, that Mr. Benton opposed Mr. Mace's motion for the prohibition of Slavery in Kansas and Nebraska, on the very ground that it would interfere with his Railway project, on which occasion he also made the statesmanlike avowal that he hated Slavery so much that he made it a permanent Constitutional institution in Missouri, because people at the North said of it what he believed to be true. How delicate must the sensibilities of Mr. Benton be, which would fasten an institution he despised on the State he was creating, for as near forever as he could, because other people disliked it, too, and said so! I see that several New York gentlemen have denied that their names were used, for this purpose, with their consent. I hope that their disclaimer was prompted by a knowledge of these facts. A Railway to the Pacific may be a very fine thing; but it would be dearly purchased at Mr. Benton's price. There is a large admixture of dross in Old Bullion.

The recent accession of the Know-Nothings to the control of our State House has furnished us with our latest entertainment. It seems that of the three or four hundred Representatives and forty Senators, there are a mere handful that have ever held a place in any deliberative body. So that the Legislature came together as nearly in the state of the human race at the time the Social Compact was first formed as ever a legislative body did. Every man was Captain, and all sorts' of motions and amendments were held to be in order, without the fear of Jefferson's Manual before their eyes. There was never such a state of things, anywhere, I take it, since parliaments were invented. Always, heretofore, there have been two parties, the administration and the opposition, and, in every case, men of abilities who had been apprenticed to the trade of Public Life and understood perfectly the use of all the tools. The science, or art, of conducting a deliberative Assembly was known by experience to many in every one ever heard of, so that there could be no *hitch* from ignorance or incompetency. But, this year, there was no timber to make officers out of, and they had to be hewed out of such blocks as came to hand. The consequence has been that they have fully justified their claim to the name by which they choose to be known. The outsiders, consisting of the Whig and Democratic parties, and of the remnant of the Free Soilers that did not go after the new thing, have all their eyes open and are but too ready to pick holes in the coats of these legislative saints, or rather to make game of the holes which they themselves have picked in their own elbows.

The Speaker is a Baptist minister of the name of Eddy, I think, from Lowell. He has never been in any deliberative Body, unless it were a Clerical or Religious Convention, and this, every one knows, is worse than nothing, so flagrant is their contempt of rules and orders. His claims, as I was told, were established on this wise: It seems there is an eminent Know-Nothing, whose name I had never heard before, and so have forgotten, who lived in Lowell, and aspired to the comfortable position of Governor's Councillor for that District. Now, there was another eminent man, from the same District, whose patriotic heart yearned after the same promotion. So his friends in the House put forward Mr. Eddy (if that be his name) because he lived in the same town as the great man first alluded to. He having been chosen, the nose of the Lowell great one was not only put out of joint, but demolished altogether. For, you know, it would never do to give the same town the Speaker and Councillor. Patriotic Geography is a main study in these parts, and the nicety of it consists in spreading the offices about over the State generally and seeing that not too many of them come within forty miles of each other. You will see that this simplifies the business very much, as it leaves all the minor details of fitness and competency out of the question. The great fight of the session is to be over the Senatorship. General Wilson is understood to have the most equitable claim to it, in consideration of his having passed over the Free Soil party, of which he was the candidate, to Governor Gardner. But, then, as that Governor would have been chosen whether or no, somewhat diminishes his chance. It is said that some great men whose names my trembling pen dares not write, but who have been not a hundred miles away from the U. S. Senate before, have come to the New Party privily, by night, in hope of being considered. Mr. Banks is on here from Washington, and is understood to be "heading" the General to the best of his abilities; and his Speech in Congress is read here as a bid for the place. But a Caucus is to be held, on Friday, which will settle the matter. What a pity it is that we can't be politicians!

D. Y.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

New Year's Day—The Ohio River and Revival of Trade—Ohio State Teachers' Association—Tribute of respect to the late Messrs. Guilford and Lewis—Conviction of Arrison—Taxes—Steam Fire Engines.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 5, 1855.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was never more generally enjoyed in this city than it was this year. The weather was clear and mild, and as lovely as one could have looked for in May; the streets were crowded, the shops filled, visits innumerable made, compliments and happy wishes exchanged, and everyone seemed to be enjoying to a greater or less degree, the merry season. New life, too, seems to have been imparted to the river-side, and our broad wharves have been for some days instinct with life and bustle. We had several days heavy rain last week, which extended to Pittsburgh, and east of it, and it was never more welcome. If I mistake not, it was one of the pointed witticisms of John Randolph in Congress, when some appropriation for the improvement of the Ohio River was under consideration, that it was of no use wasting money upon it, as the Ohio was *dried up one-half the year, and frozen up the other half.* There was some truth in the first remark at least, for we have not had enough water since last June to permit any but the smallest boats to run above the Falls, and it has been considerably over six months since any heavy amounts of freight could be shipped to New Orleans. Cincinnati owes nearly all its prosperity to its fine situation on a navigable river; and yet, for half the year, commerce is retarded, and trade of every kind crippled for want of water sufficient to float our splendid steamers. The river is up at length to a fair navigable stage, and, if it does not fall too soon, will take away much of the freight which has been accumulating for months. Some fifty steamers are now at our wharves receiving and discharging their cargoes.

A very interesting Convention was held here, for two days, last week. It was the semi-annual meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, which has been rapidly extending its influence among the teachers of the State, especially the teachers in our Public Schools (of whom it is mainly composed), for several years. Among the proceedings was an interesting discussion on a resolution urging the duty of inculcating more fully than it has been done, both by precept and personal intercourse with the pupils, the great principles of morality and religion, such as must enter as necessary elements into the formation of a sound character, while free from sectarianism.

The propriety of establishing a State Normal School elicited a warm debate. This subject has been under consideration for some time, having been referred to the Executive Committee six months ago. A gentleman has offered to donate property at Hopedale, worth $10,000, if the Association will agree to build a Normal School upon it, and this liberal offer has given the subject a new aspect. The project was opposed by some on the ground that the State ought to establish such a school, and by others who were opposed to such a school on principle. The result was, that no definite action was taken on the subject.

Mr. Cady, of New York City, one of the Editors of the *Musical Review*, gave a highly entertaining address on vocal music, with suggestions and illustrations, as to the best mode of teaching music. This address was a rich treat, and was listened to by a crowded audience. Notwithstanding the very inclement weather, the Church in which the meetings were held, one of the largest in the city, was crowded each evening, and through the day many of our citizens and teachers from all parts of the State were in attendance, deeply interested in the discussions.

Among the resolutions adopted, were a series of four, paying a high tribute of respect to the memories of two of the earliest and most distinguished advocates of education in Ohio—Nathan Guilford and Samuel Lewis, both of whom have lately deceased.

Of Samuel Lewis, it may be said, that the promotion of popular education was one of the great objects for which he lived and laboured. Next to the cause of human freedom, it occupied more of his thoughts than any other, and in its service he spent, to the disregard of his own ease and pecuniary interests, much of his time and energy. In 1838, '39, '40, Mr. Lewis was for two years Superintendent of the Public Schools of the State, and devoted his whole time with a perseverance and energy unsurpassed to the duties of the office. He carried on an extensive correspondence, wrote articles for the press, addressed the people in every section of the State, and by all available and proper means laboured to commend the School system to the people, and secure its adoption generally, in all the counties. Our School system had been in operation for some years, but was not generally adopted, except in the large towns, and Mr. Lewis did much to extend its benefits, especially in the country districts, where there was either prejudice against it, or indifference and apathy. The people are now enjoying the happy results of his labours. We have a noble school system, equal in its main features, to any in the Union, providing for the education of all, without regard to nativity, station or sex, and not neglecting the coloured people.

It was also owing to the personal influence of Mr. Lewis, that the endowment of the Woodward College and High School was obtained, and by his labours (continued for a number of years, and in the face of many obstacles) the union of the Woodward and Hughes funds with the Common School fund was effected, and the present admirable system of graded Free Schools established in this city. To him are we indebted, more than to any one else, for our present excellent High School. Mr. Lewis has been a public benefactor, as well as an enlightened philanthropist, and it is due to his memory that a more extended notice than has yet appeared of his life should be furnished for the press. You may expect a sketch of Mr. Lewis's life before long for your columns.

The trial of Arrison, referred to in my last, resulted in his conviction for murder, in the first degree, after a long, careful and impartial trial. A motion for a new trial was overruled, and he was sentenced to be hung on the 11th of May next. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, but overwhelming against the prisoner, and the result corresponds with the almost unanimous sentiment of the public. The case will be carried up by the counsel for the defence to the Supreme Court on some exceptions taken to the ruling of the Criminal Court, but the case is such a flagrant one, it is not likely the sentence of the law will be set aside. It is a case equalling in atrocity that of Dr. Webster, of Boston, and if capital punishment is justifiable in any case, this, it must be confessed, is one.

The taxes for this city and county, for 1854, amounted to $1,800,000. The rate of taxation is $1 65 on one hundred dollars. The highest tax was that paid by N. Longworth, amounting to $30,328, all of which was paid in cash into the treasury for 1854. This would show a valuation of near two millions of dollars for Mr. L.'s property, which, as it is chiefly in real estate of an improving character, may be considered a low estimate of his wealth.

The new Steam Fire Engine, building here for Boston, by Latta & Co., was finished and tried last week. It has several improvements upon those built before, and will, no doubt, astonish the good people of Boston. Who would have thought, thirty years ago, of the ingenious Yankees sending from the city of "Notions," upwards of a thousand miles West, for a new invention, and especially such a novel and splendid one as this? The machine has been named the "Young America." Yours truly, P.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7th, 1855.

You are, doubtless, aware that a large portion of the foreign population of Philadelphia, as well as of that of your own city, is composed of Germans. With us, as was probably the case with yourselves, a large majority of this class, having abandoned their fatherland on account of the grievous oppression under which they suffered, and not having the means of forming an intelligent judgment concerning our political relations, were, immediately upon landing on our shores, absorbed into the late "Democratic party," not in the least suspecting that any party, appropriating to itself that distinctive cognomen, especially in this model republic, could possibly be composed of anything less than the very quintessence of democracy. This capital error has, I am glad to say, been in a great degree removed, though I do not think the American Anti-Slavery Society could do a better thing for Philadelphia, and, indeed, for Pennsylvania in general, than to issue a concise dijest of the slave laws in German, such, for instance, as was published a few years ago, by Edward M. Davis, in English, and a translation into that language of Mr. Bowditch's excellent tract on the Constitution of the United States, and circulate them freely among our German population.

I am led to these remarks by an article in a recent number of the *German Democrat* of this city, which, like every other journal in the interest of the General Government, is essentially opposed to liberty, though, I must admit that its pro-slavery is not of that malignant type which characterizes the genuine Yankee.

The *Democrat*, in the leader alluded to, is replying to some German editor in the West, who, evidently, from the tone of the article, sympathizes with the anti-slavery movement, and who it appears, has been, with many other good people, deluded into the belief that Senator Benton was really favourable to the extinction of "*our* domestic institution." Just as if a man who could compliment the North for her "liberality" to the Southern slaveholders, in granting admission into the Union to every new slave State that presented itself, could, by any possibility, have the least love of freedom in his heart.

In the beginning of the article, the *Democrat* quotes the *Standard* as the organ of the "genuine, original Abolitionists," a compliment which I am sure you will be glad to accept, and goes on to refer to the remarks you made in your issue of the 30th of December, where you introduce the speech of Mr. Benton, read in the Senate, by Mr. Oliver. It quotes further, a passage from a letter of the Boston correspondent of the *Evening Post*, copied into the same number of the *Standard*, relative to the ominous non-commitalism of the Know-Nothings in Massachusetts, with reference to the slavery question, the whole in proof of its own knowledge of "human nature," for it appears that it had been indulging in prophecy on these very points, and had long ago "said so."

The gist of the matter is, that it is a very improper thing for a democrat to allow himself to be cajoled into the support of the principles which he professes, as Mr. Benton was supposed to have done, and to abandon the true and only "democratic party," to which the most intelligent Germans of the West have recently so decidedly turned the cold shoulder. A few tears are shed over the distinguished Senator, of whom it is pathetically alleged that he "has thrust the Democrats from him." Let the *German Democrat* be comforted; Mr. Benton will, doubtless, again take the democracy to his bosom, whenever he becomes convinced that "his case is hopeless," with the new party, as that journal alleges. It is not in the nature of an American "statesman" to be so unrelenting as the *Democrat* appears to suppose.

One cannot help but regret that any portion, however small, of that noble and generous nation which the *Democrat* professes to represent, should be stultified after the manner practised by that journal (whether intentionally or not, I cannot say), a nation which has manifested more repugnance to the institution of slavery than any other from which our population has received considerable accessions, and which only needs to be thoroughly enlightened on this subject, to cast its influence unmistakably into the scale of freedom. A German can scarcely be other than an Abolitionist, and where he is not, the fault is generally more to be attributed to the influence of our own people, and to the want of the necessary data for forming correct conclusions as to the slavery question, than to any innate quality or natural bias on his part.

Let me beg the editor of the *Democrat* to review the ground on which he stands, and to reflect upon the momentous consequences which the support of the Slave Power by our German population has had, and what a beneficial influence a contrary course on their part would have upon the cause of personal liberty in the United States, and of human progress the world over. And allow me to assure him that during a year which I recently passed in his fatherland, I never met with any one of his nation to defend that relic of the barbarous age, American slavery, but, on the contrary, with hundreds, among all classes, who deeply deplored its existence, and warmly sympathized with our efforts for its overthrow, and not a few who were profoundly discouraged in view of the continued existence and extension of this anomaly in our professed republic.

I must not omit to tell you, before concluding this letter, that our venerable Independence Hall has recently been fitted up anew, and hung with the very valuable historical pictures, which formerly constituted the Peele Gallery, and which include full-length pictures of William Penn and Lafayette, together with the portraits of Dr. Rush, Robert Fulton, Gov. Mifflin, Dr. Franklin, Admiral Penn, Red Jacket and many other historical personages.

I mentioned, in a former letter, that the Liberty Bell had been removed from the belfry to the same apartment, now decorated with this invaluable historical collection, and will just add, that among other curiosities to be found there, is a chair constituted, in part, of a mahogany beam taken from a house built in 1496, near the present city of St. Domingo, in the island of Hayti, for the use of Christopher Columbus, and in part of fragments of the Treaty Elm and of Penn Cottage, in Lætitia Court. There is now no other building in the United States which contains greater attractions of a historical character than the Philadelphia State House.

WE have heard with sincere sorrow of the death of our old friend JOHN M. FISK, at West Brookfield, Mass., on Sunday, December 31. He was long a staunch, true and most efficient friend of the anti-slavery cause, and used all the influence he possessed, which was not small, in his neighbourhood, in its behalf. The travelling lecturer always found in him a ready and a helping hand, and his pen, which never wanted brilliancy and point, was, in years past, in frequent use. He was successively *President* and *Treasurer* of the *Worcester County South A. S. Society*—a Vice President of the Mass., N. E. Society, &c., &c. For several years past, he has been disabled from all exertion by a painful disease. He enjoyed the respect and esteem of all friends of freedom and lovers of humanity.

☞ ABOUT four weeks since, parcels of the anti-slavery Tracts (new series), each parcel containing two thousand tracts, were forwarded to Salem (Ohio), and to Adrian (Michigan), respectively, from the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston. Were they received?

☞ ALL communications on the business of the tracts should be addressed to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 21 Cornhill, Boston. Donations of money, for the Tract fund, should be sent to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, Boston; or to the Anti-Slavery Offices in Philadelphia and New York.

New Publications.

RUTH HALL, A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME. By FANNY FERN. Mason Brothers, New York.

'Ruth Hall'—who *is* 'Fanny Fern'—has, she tells us, "ten thousand dollars in Bank stock," the proceeds of her literary labours for two or three years; and this substantial return, of course, is not without the more precious guerdon of literary reputation. Nor, indeed, is it necessary that we should see the foot of the account current to be assured of the fact that that reputation is a very wide one. Fanny Fern has suddenly sprung up, as everybody knows, but yesterday as an author of celebrity. Whether that celebrity was well earned, or not, is a question in which, hitherto, we have felt no particular interest. There are so many good old books to read that one of limited leisure seldom finds much time for new ones. An occasional paragraph of Fanny Fern has sometimes fallen beneath our eyes in the newspapers, but they never excited in us a curiosity to look farther into her writings. To us, therefore, she has been hitherto an unknown author, and whether she deserved her fame, or not, was a question on which we had formed no opinion.

We have, however, read 'Ruth Hall,' partly because—thanks to the publishers—it fell in our way, and partly because it seemed probable that in a tale of some length, a good deal talked about, it would be easy to take her full measure. The popular estimation disappoints us. And as we are not disposed to judge severely of the critical acumen of our beloved fellow-citizens, and not very much more inclined, at least in this case, to doubt our own, we can only reconcile the difference between us by due consideration of the fact on which such diverse judgments are founded. Fanny Fern has made her fame as a paragraphist and writer of short tales. The reader who first makes her acquaintance through this volume judges of her as a writer of novels. It is one thing to write a brilliant sentence, but quite another to write a brilliant book. A man may make a very pretty work-box, who would not win immortality as the architect of a cathedral. Because 'Fanny Fern' has written many pleasant fragments, has set forth many a wise saw and modern instance with a power peculiar to herself, therefore it seems to have been taken for granted that, in a more extended work, one which, to be well done, requires sustained power, imagination, insight, judgment, culture, taste, she must, perforce, not only equal, but surpass all she has ever done before. It is by no means an uncommon case. There are many excellent people in the world, besides authors, who are great in small things, and small in great ones.

If we had never heard of 'Fanny Fern,' knew nothing of the person whom that *nomme de plume* covers, and had taken up her book as the production of an entirely unknown author, we should have laid it down again, without finishing it, as, upon the whole, a very stupid book. Not that there are not good passages in it, but they are only passages; and not that there are not good sketches of characters, but they are only sketches, and not finished pictures. But one does not wish to read a novel as Jack Horner eat his cake—by picking out here and there a plum, particularly if the plums are not uncommonly worth the picking; and so one finds a sad deal of stuff to wade through in the pages of 'Ruth Hall'—if it is all faithfully read—for the sake of here and there a brief, well-written chapter, or a passably dramatic scene.

The story is a very simple one, hardly deserving the name of plot. 'Ruth Hall' is a young lady, somewhat romantic, and of that class described as 'simple,' which is true of her in more senses than one. She marries, loses first a child, then her husband, and is reduced, by this last event, to poverty. Both his and her friends are hard-hearted, and unwilling to be burthened with the support of herself and her children; and Ruth, driven almost to extremity, hits, at length, upon the lucky expedient of writing for a newspaper for a livelihood. With one exception, all the editors she has to deal with are selfish, grasping wretches—indeed, all her acquaintances present that ugly phase of humanity, except her literary correspondents, who are all fools—but she, at length, achieves success and the ten thousand dollars. All this is bald enough, and there is nothing in its treatment, as a mere story, to redeem it from the charge of being pronounced very stupid. The reader is ready to give a hearty approval to the advice of Ruth's brother 'Hyacinth,' "that she had better turn her attention to something else than literature," and to wish that she had followed such wholesome counsel.

'Ruth Hall,' then, has very little literary merit, and so far may be pronounced a rather stupid book. But a book to be wholly stupid must excite no emotion, and this cannot be said of it. It is saved by the savour of a bitter malignity. Emerson, we believe, it is who says that the commonest and most uneventful life would be full of interest if faithfully and truthfully told. 'Ruth Hall' is, to a certain degree, the autobiography of 'Fanny Fern,' and, though the reader cannot draw the line where fact ends and fiction begins, there is enough, where the personal relations of the author are known, to secure for the book the interest which attaches to a personal memoir. If not altogether faithful to the facts of the life of the author, it is to the spirit and temper of that life, and so far answers to Emerson's requirement of what is necessary to make an interesting biography. The emotion excited by it is a mixed feeling of indignation and surprise that anybody could so far forget a Christian law and a natural instinct as to hold up—no matter under what provocation—a parent to ridicule and contempt, and could so coin into words and phrases the bitterness of alienation from a father and a brother. The Mohammedans pronounce their most dreadful anathema upon him who is guilty of filial irreverence; and the Christians hold up as a terrible warning the curse upon the children of Ham for uncovering the nakedness of his father. It may be—though we do not believe it—that these relatives of 'Fanny Fern' are what she represents them to be; but that would be no palliation of her wrong. But, whether they are or not, which must still remain, at worst, a doubtful point with the majority of her readers, on one point there can be no doubt—that almost anything would be pardonable in the father and brother of so unscrupulous a daughter and sister.

CHILDREN'S PAPERS.—Grace Greenwood's *Little Pilgrim* entered upon its second volume with the January issue. It is a beautiful paper for children, pure in moral tone, lively and entertaining, and yet instructive. It ought to have a hundred thousand subscribers. Fifty cents per annum. Subscriptions should be sent to Leander K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

Uncle Lucius's Juvenile Instructor, whose prospectus will be found in another column, is also an excellent paper. It is more directly religious in its tone than the *Little Pilgrim*, and at the same time more positively anti-slavery. Its editor (Lucius Matlack) is a Wesleyan, but he does not make the *Instructor* a sectarian paper, and we can very heartily commend it to general circulation.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.—Our limited space only allows us to say that, in spite of the unpropitious state of the weather, a very large audience assembled to hear WENDELL PHILLIPS, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening. He was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and listened to, for an hour and three-quarters, with an attention such as is rarely given to a speaker, however popular. He proclaimed, "without concealment and without compromise," the doctrine of Disunion, and yet, scarcely a hiss was heard, while the applause was frequent and general. We shall publish a complete report of the speech next week.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is the next lecturer.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Washington correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* argues that the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States is precluded by a pledge formerly given to France and England. He says:

"It is not generally known, but it is true, and can be at any time shown, that this Government is under a distinct pledge not to acquire or take possession of those Islands. During the administration of President Tyler, and while Mr. Upshur was Secretary of State, an event occurred that drew the attention of this Government to the Sandwich Islands. A British fleet, under the command of Sir George Follet, took possession of them upon some pretence, whereupon this Government made a strong remonstrance, and the British Government withdrew their pretensions. This Government, at the same time, recognised the independence of the Islands, and urged the same measure upon the British Government. Lord Palmerston, with some hesitation, assented to it, but not without a most decided and explicit pledge on the part of our Governmeut that the United States would not acquire the Islands. Mr. Fox was the British Minister here at the time, and the pledge to which I refer was given by Mr. Upshur to him, in the correspondence on the subject. At a subsequent time, under the Administration of President Taylor, Mr. Clayton, being Secretary of State, the Hawaiian princes were here, with a Commissioner, and their mission was to offer to cede the islands to the United States, on the condition of annexation to the Union. The proposition was not entertained, for many reasons, and one was that it would be a breach of faith toward England and France and other commercial powers that had negotiated Hawaiian independence. Some time afterward, while Mr. Fillmore was President, and Mr. Webster Secretary of State, a difficulty in relation to the construction of a commercial treaty arose between France and the Hawaiian Government, and the former went so far as to threaten to take forcible possession of the Islands. The United States Government again interposed for their protection, and France desisted from her purpose, and upon the understanding that their independence should be respected by all powers that had acknowledged it, and that neither of these powers should appropriate the Islands to itself. Under these circumstances, it would be a breach of faith on our part to take the Islands, and it is not likely that we would long keep them. But there are not wanting other objections to the scheme, which would be decisive against it."

We suspect that these objections have been hatched up by the Slave Power, which sees that the Islands, if annexed to the Union, must inevitably come in as a free State.

REV. DR. PENNINGTON.—We find in the *Liberator* a letter giving a sketch of an anti-slavery speech, recently delivered in Newport, R. I., by the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, D.D., of this city. He is reported as saying, in the course of his exordium, that "he thought he should refer to the position of the North in their relation to this subject, so as not unnecessarily to say anything to offend any of the church or clergy. (!!) *He first wished it expressly understood, by all, that he was not connected with that class of Abolitionists, or reformers, called infidels.* He hoped, therefore, that fact would secure to him a candid hearing!" That the Doctor should be anxious not to give offence to the church and clergy is quite natural, since, although a fugitive slave, he has so little moral principle and self-respect as to be willing to remain a member and a minister of the man-stealing Presbyterian Church, half of whose clergy and membership would unhesitatingly consent to his reënslavement, were it not for the fact that British gold had made him the owner of his own body. It is equally natural that a clerical associate and toady of the Rev. Dr. Cox should go about the country, uttering lying insinuations that real Abolitionists are "infidels." Is it our duty to spare such men on account of their complexion?

THE BLACK SWAN.—This gifted singer, who is now in Philadelphia, has consented to give a concert in that city for the completion of a fund started there to redeem a family of ten slaves now held in North Carolina. It is the same family that interested so deeply the late Esther Moore, and in whose behalf that estimable woman devoted so much effort during the last few weeks of her valuable life.

Miss Greenfield, we understand, manifests an increased interest in the down-trodden of her race since her return from Europe, and expresses a readiness to do what she can, on suitable occasions, for their benefit.

The concert here referred to will take place about the last of this month. Due notice, however, of the time and place will be published.

AUTHORSHIP OF 'IDA MAY.'—Professor Stowe, writing to the Portland *Inquirer* to correct the mistake of that paper in attributing the authorship of *Ida May* to Mrs. Torrey, says:

"I am not at liberty to reveal the author; yet I can say thus much, that though this book was not written by the author of *Uncle Tom*, yet both these works owe their *maternity* to the State of Maine. Do you desire a higher honour for your noble State? First, the Maine Law, then Uncle Tom, and now Ida May. What next? We are expecting something still in advance!"

The Boston *Chronicle* conjectures that the author of the work in question is Mrs. Mary Green Pike, of Calais, Maine, a lady who has, for some time, been a contributor to the literary journals of Philadelphia.

THE UNA.—We invite attention to the prospectus of this paper in another column. Mrs. Davis, after once making up her mind, very reluctantly, on account of the delicate state of her health, to discontinue its publication, has finally concluded to persevere in her editorial labours and keep her flag at mast-head. The *Una* has been a very interesting journal, and has done good service in the cause to which it is specially devoted, and we hope it may find an adequate support.

Summary.

COLOURED LAWYER.—Thomas Chester, Esq., a negro, a member of the bar of Liberia in Africa, now on a visit to this country, is delivering lectures in Pennsylvania.

The editor of the New Hamshire *Patriot* says that he expects to grow fat as long as he lives. Ah, yes; but when he dies, will not the fat be in the fire?—*Louisville Journal.*

The tearing up of railroad tracks near Erie is now an established winter pastime. Great fun was had on the 8th inst., at Harbor Creek, where a considerable portion of the Lake Shore Road was destroyed.

WM. H. DAY is a worthy and intelligent coloured gentleman of Cleveland, who, as a reporter, was last winter excluded from the legislative halls of Ohio, on account of his complexion. From the *Leader* we learn that he has been elected Librarian of the Cleveland Library Association.

We are pained to learn from the St. Johnsbury (Vt.) *Caledonian*, that the Rev. S. A. Worcester, the devoted missionary among the Cherokees, was bitten in the arm by a dog supposed to be rabid, some time in the early part of last month. The information came by private letter. Remedial measures were speedily adopted, but the result of the bite cannot be known for some time to come.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.—Hall's *Journal of Health* states that it is owing mainly to their delight in out-door exercise that the elevated classes of England reach a patriarchal age, notwithstanding their habits of high living, of late hours, of wine-drinking and many other health-destroying agencies; the deaths of their generals, their lords, their earls, and their dukes are chronicled almost every week at 70, 80, and 90 years; it is because they will be on horseback, that most elegant, rational, and healthful of all forms of mere exercise, both for sons and daughters.

A LUCKY SLAVE.—Gabriel L. M. Renfran, said to be a bright intelligent negro, owned near New-Orleans, and hired out by his master as a steward on steamboats on the Lower Mississippi, is the lucky holder of ticket No.—, in Jones's great gift enterprise, and has drawn the *farm* valued at $25,000. He has, in a well-written letter, notified the committee of his condition, and accepting of their cash offer. He requests them, personally, to secure the freedom of himself and family first, and then pay him the balance over the expenses to start him in the world. The appeal is thrilling and affecting.

POSTING THE BOOKS.—Forty-two Members of the House from the Free States voted for Douglas's Nebraska bill on its final passage. Elections have been held for the next House in all the Free States but New Hampshire and Connecticut, which elected two of the number (H. Hibbard and C. M. Ingersoll). Of the forty who have already run the gauntlet, but seven have been re-elected—namely:

T. B. Florence and J. Glancy Jones of Pennsylvania; George Vail of New-Jersey; Wm. H. English and Smith Miller, of Indiana.

J. C. Allen and Wm. A. Richardson of Illinois.

Of these Allen is returned elected by *one* majority, which return is contested, while all the residue are chosen by greatly reduced majorities. And several of the strongest "Democratic" districts in the Free States—such as the Luzerne, the Fayette and the Westmoreland in Pennsylvania, the Richard, the Holmes and the Auglaize in Ohio, have chosen Free-Soil Republicans, most of whom were Whigs.

KANSAS.—We have received a call from a gentleman who had just arrived from Lawrence, K. T. He says the settlers at that place are comfortable, contented and happy. Three papers are soon to be established there, all of which will go for making the State free from Slavery. Gov. Reeder is popular with the anti-slavery people. He is going to have the census taken and a registry made, and will do what he can to secure a fair expression of opinion when the election of a Territorial Legislature is held.—*Boston Telegraph.*

LUDICROUS "CROSS READING."—In a late speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips occurs the following striking passage: "He allowed there was a kind of anti-slavery among us; but how much? What could it do? Did it make men tremble before it? Did it make itself heard in the press, in the pulpit? Did it take up Massachusetts by the four corners, and shake out the Curtises and the Lorings?" which a contemporary ludicrously renders—"Did it take up Massachusetts by the four corners, and shake out the courtesies and the laurels of the men he had referred to."

PROSPECT OF A VOLCANO IN ARKANSAS.—We learn from a gentleman in Scott County, that a mountain, about five miles from Waldron has exploded three times during the last week. The explosions were very loud and terrific, causing the earth around to quake, throwing up stones and earth, and filling the atmosphere with clouds of dust and smoke. The report of one of the explosions was heard in the vicinity of this town a few mornings since, a distance of 45 or 50 miles. The earth on the mountain has sunk to a considerable depth. The people in the vicinity are very much alarmed. These are the facts as far as we are able to learn; but we hope to hear more fully and particularly in a few days. What does it mean? Are we to have a volcano in our State, belching forth fire and smoke, and hurling red-hot stones in the atmosphere, and filling the valleys around with melted lava?—*Fort Smith Herald, Dec. 16th.*

FRUIT OF SLAVERY.—A highly respectable correspondent calls our attention to an occurrence which, he tells us, took place in the lower part of Newcastle County, Delaware. A certain Dr. ——, a man of violent passion, some months since endeavoured to get a free black man to work for him. The man refused to do it, for good reasons of his own, whereupon the Doctor, in a great rage, went to his house, and, getting his gun, came out and shot the poor fellow down. Fearing vengeance, he crossed the line into Maryland. But it was concluded in the neighbourhood that the matter had better be hushed up, as it would have a bad effect on the coloured population to punish a white man for killing a negro. So the murderer still runs at large. But the effect on the other hand is developing itself. A drunken scoundrel in that neighbourhood lately brought his gun to some negroes, and swore, "Damn you, I'll *Tom* h—, if you fool with me." If this is the justice meted out to the black, we (even though free) south of Mason and Dixon's line wonder not that hundreds of them are flying to the North.—*Tribune.*

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.—Some time ago, and before the Maine law came about, a merchant of Litchfield County, well known in the vicinity, came to the conclusion that the selling of liquor was a bad business, and that he would relinquish it. Happening down here, however, to buy goods, he met with a prime article of rum, and thought he would try just one more hogshead. He bought it, and had it placed in the same train in which he took passage for home.

On his way up, he fell in conversation with a clergyman and others, in regard to the great subject of intemperance. Our friend felt moved to say that he believed ardent spirits were a curse to the world. For his part, he was afraid, and he was resolved to discontinue the sale. The people of his town were of his opinion, &c. He was going on with a first rate temperance discourse, when an untoward accident occurred.

It seems that the railroad men in stowing away the hogshead in the freight car, placed a lot of scantling with it, and somehow the head of the cask had been driven in, and the liquor, of course, was very soon "lying around loose." As the mischief would have it, this was discovered just as our friend was in the climax of his temperance exhortation. As he was going on in the most animated strain, declaring that no liquor ought ever to be sold, &c., the train suddenly came to a stop, the conductor opened the door, and in the most abrupt manner, called out, "Mr. G——! Mr. G——, your rum is all spilled!" Phancy his pheelinks! Here was the rum gone—ever so many gallons—a cask of good liquor knocked in the head, and a temperance lecture ditto. That, he says, was the end of his liquor transactions.

THINGS BY RIGHT NAMES.—One of the most grievous signs of a depraved public conscience, is the covering up of vice and crime under euphonious titles that disguise moral turpitude in political policy, fashionable usuage, or financial skill. The phrase, "popular sovereignty," is an invention to cover with the cloak of democracy the fraudulent and violent introduction of slavery into a territory once pledged to perpetual freedom. "The compromises of the Constitution," is a phrase used to cover the concession of truth, justice, honour, and the divine law, to the arrogant demands of a local tyranny that seeks to rule the nation. "The preservation of the Union," is a term of high-sounding patriotism, used to cover the violation of solemn compacts, and the aggression of the same local tyranny upon the rights, the liberties, the laws, and the conscience of the free States. "Speculation" is the name of transactions in stocks, in merchandise, or in real estate, which if successful are counted shrewd and legitimate, but which being undertaken without any honest guarantee of the rights and interests of others, have in them the elements of deceit and fraud. "Embezzlement," "Breach of trust," etc., are terms that cover forms of wholesale cheating, against which the law provides redress only in a civil not in a criminal action.

Just now, "Humbug" is a term to cover lying and fraud in their meanest and most detestable forms. The autobiography of a successful showman, is vaunted as an illustration of the new "science of humbug," with which young men are advised to acquaint themselves these hard times. * * Mr. Barnum's own testimony is that he has deceived the public by a series of falsehoods, persisted in with an effrontary that few men are capable of maintaining. * * In short, there is no form or colour of lying described by Mrs. Opie, whether of word or action, whether white, blue, red, or black, which has not contributed to amass the fortune which this book holds out as the result of skill in "humbug." LYING is the word; and the perpetrator of these enormous frauds here disclosed—not only without remorse, but with apparent chuckling—should be made to understand that the public will call things by their right names.—*Independent.*

BIGOTRY AND LITERATURE.—The Boston *Transcript* gives some facts of recent occurrence, showing that in this nineteenth century, and in these United States, the prejudice and narrowness of the middle ages yet lingers. It appears, says that journal, that one of the lecturers engaged to appear in Newport, R. I., the present season was prevented from fulfilling his engagement; and the Lecture Committee invited Geo. H. Calvert, Esq., a well-known and highly esteemed gentleman of literary pursuits, and late Mayor of the city, to take the place of the absentee, and thus save the audience from

Miscellaneous Department.

MARY'S DREAM.

From the Living Age.

In the *Living Age*, No. 550, December 9, 1854, page 458, there is copied from the New York *Evening Post* a brief notice of the author of the celebrated song, "Mary's Dream," with the English version of the song. The writer of the notice has erred in several particulars, which I beg leave to correct.

John Lowe, the author of "Mary's Dream," was born at Keanmore, in Galloway (Scotland), in 1750. His father was gardener to Mr. Gordon of that ilk. Lowe was early placed in the parish school of Kells, and, at the age of fourteen, was apprenticed to a weaver named Heron.

Having, by industry and rigid economy, saved a sufficient sum to enable him to return to his studies, he placed himself under the charge of Mr. McKay, an eminent teacher of the languages, in the neighbouring parish of Carsphairn.

Through the kindness of the Rev. John Gillespie, minister of Kells, he was subsequently enabled to enter the University of Edinburgh in 1771, where he continued a member of the divinity classes till he left for this country in 1773. Soon after having reached the New World, he obtained the place of tutor in the family of one of the Washingtons. Afterwards he opened an Academy in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and for a while prospered.

Although educated a Presbyterian, he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and obtained a parish. While engaged in his parochial duties—popular with all classes, and rising in reputation—he married most unhappily, became intemperate, and died in great distress. He was buried in or near Fredericksburg, about 1798.

A memoir of him, by the Rev. William Gillespie (brother of his early friend and patron), was published in London in 1810, and can be found in Cromek's Remains.

The exquisite ballad, "Mary's Dream," was written on the death of one Miller, a surgeon, lost at sea, who was engaged to Miss Mary MacGhie, daughter of the Laird of Airds. Originally Scottish, it has been Anglicised and altered, as I believe, for the worse. Suffer me to present the original for the readers of the *Living Age*.

Pittsburgh (Penn.), December, 1854. J. P. O.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill
Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to everybodie's ee;
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
A voice drapt safely on her ear,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be;
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Bending on her his hollow ee!
"O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thrawes below the sea;
But thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

"The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' him, but strave in vain!
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but thee,
I took frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

"Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee o' thy earthly stole—
I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie."
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
To mark the morning lift her ee,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

INDICTMENT OF THEODORE PARKER AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: On the night of May 26, 1854, an attack was made on the Court-House of Boston, in which Mr. Burns was confined on the charge of being a slave. That night, Messrs. Phillips and Parker, with others, made speeches in Faneuil Hall, warning men of the wickedness about to be perpetrated by sending an innocent man into slavery.—The speeches were published at the time.

Both of these gentlemen have lately been indicted for resisting an officer of the United States, while serving the process of a court; for the Judge charged the Grand Jury that such speeches were a "misdemeanour" under the statute of 1790.

It is not at all probable that the government will bring them to trial, or dare to hazard the exposure incident thereto; but as this is the first instance of such an indictment in Massachusetts, for such an act, it seems worth while to let the public understand the facts of the case.

There is a family in Boston, which may be called the Curtis Family. So far as relates to the matter in hand, it may be said to consist of six persons, viz.: Charles P. Curtis, lawyer, and Thomas B. Curtis, merchant, sons of the late Thomas Curtis; Benjamin R. Curtis, by birth a kinsman, and by marriage a son-in-law of Charles P. Curtis, late a practising lawyer, now a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and his brother, George T. Curtis, lawyer and United States Commissioner for the District of Massachusetts; Edward G. Loring, a step-son of the late Thomas Curtis, and accordingly step-brother of Charles P. and Thomas B. Curtis, Lawyer, Judge of Probate for Boston, United States Commissioner, and Lecturer at the Cambridge Law School, and also William W. Greenough, son-in-law of Charles P. Curtis, merchant.

I....CONNECTION OF THE CURTISES WITH THE RECENT CASES OF KIDNAPPING IN BOSTON.

1. In 1836, Charles P. Curtis and Benjamin R. Curtis appeared as counsel for the slave-hunters in the famous case of the girl Med, originally a slave in the West Indies and brought to Boston by her mistress. Med claimed her freedom on the ground that slavery was not recognised by the laws of Massachusetts, and could not exist there unless it were in the special case, under the Federal Constitution, of fugitives from the slave States of this Union. The Curtises contend with all their might—*hoc verbum*, as lawyers say—that Slavery might, by legal comity, exist in Massachusetts—that slaves were property by the law of nations; and that an ownership which is legal in the West Indies continued in Boston, at least so far as to leave the right to seize and carry away. But the Supreme Court of Massachusetts held otherwise.

2. After Mr. Webster had made his speech of March 7, 1850, pledging himself and his State to the support of the Fugitive Slave bill, then before Congress, "to the fullest extent," Thomas B. Curtis, with the help of others, got up a letter to Mr. Webster, dated Boston, March 25, 1850, signed, it is said, by 987 persons, who say: "We desire to express to you our deep obligations for what this speech has done and is doing;" "You have pointed out to the whole people the path of duty, have convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of a nation." "We desire, therefore, to express to you our entire concurrence in the sentiments of your speech."

3. A little later, Mr. Webster returned to Boston, and was rapturously received at the Revere House, April 29, 1850, by a great multitude when Benjamin R. Curtis made a public address, and expressed his "abounding gratitude for the ability and fidelity" which Mr. Webster had "brought to the defence of the Constitution, and of the Union," and commended him as "eminently vigilant, wise and faithful to his country without a shadow of turning."

4. Presently, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, at a dinner-party, at the house of a distinguished counsellor of Boston, Charles P. Curtis declared that he hoped the first fugitive slave who should come to Boston would be seized and sent back!

5. Chas P. Curtis and his step-brother, Edward G. Loring, defended the Fugitive Slave bill by writing articles published in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*.

6. In November, 1850, the slave-hunters, thus invited and encouraged, came to Boston, seeking to kidnap William and Ellen Craft; but they in vain applied to Commissioner Benj. F. Hallett and to Judges Woodbury and Sprague, for a warrant to arrest their prey. Finally, they betook themselves to Commissioner George T. Curtis, who at once agreed to grant a warrant; but, according to his own statement, in a letter to Mr. Webster, as he anticipated resistance, and considered it very important that the Marshal should have more support than it was in his power as a Commissioner to afford, he procured a meeting of the Commissioners, four in number, and with their aid succeeded in persuading the Circuit Court, then in session, to issue the warrant.

7. The warrant having been issued for the seizure of Mr. Craft, Marshal Devens applied to Benj. R. Curtis for legal advice as to the degree of force he might use in serving it, and whether it ought to be regarded as a civil or a criminal process. Geo. T. Curtis was employed by his brother to search for authorities on these points. They two, together, as appears from the letter of Geo. T. Curtis to Mr. Webster, induced Marshal Devens to ask a further question, which gave Benj. R. Curtis an opportunity to come out with an elaborate opinion in favour of the constitutionality of the fugitive slave bill. This was published in the newspapers. In order to maintain the constitutionality of this act, Benj. R. Curtis was driven to assume, as all its defenders must, that the Commissioner, in returning the fugitive, performs none of the duties of a Judge; that the hearing before him is not "a case arising under the laws of the United States;" that he acts not as a Judicial, but merely as an Executive officer—not deciding the man to be a slave, but merely giving him up, to enable that point to be tried elsewhere. But, spite of this opinion, public justice and the Vigilance Committee forced the (Southern) slave-hunters to flee from Boston, after which Mr. and Mrs. Craft left America, to find safety in England, the evident rage and fierce threats of the disappointed (Boston) slave-hunters making it unsafe for them to remain.

8. After the failure of this attempt to arrest Mr. Craft, Thomas B. Burtis got up a "Union Meeting" at Faneuil Hall, Nov. 26, 1850. The call was addressed to such as "regard with disfavour all further popular agitation" of the subject of slavery. Thos. B. Curtis called the meeting to order; William W. Greenough, from the "Committee of Arrangements," presented the resolutions. Benj. R. Curtis made one of the principal speeches in defence of man-stealing in Boston. He declared that fugitive slaves were "a class of foreigners, with whose rights Massachusetts has nothing to do. It is enough for us that they have no right *here*." He read a passage, also, from Mr. Parker's Sermon of Conscience, and said he should like to ask the reverend gentleman in what capacity he expected to be punished for his perjury? When Mr. Parker rose, unexpectedly, and asked, "Do you want an answer to your question, sir." Mr. Curtis refused to hear the reply. It is said the resolutions were written wholly or in part by him. The meeting, of course, declared for kidnapping in Boston.

9. In February, 1851, George T. Curtis issued the warrant for the seizure of Shadrach, who was "hauled" into the Court-House before this Commissioner; but "the Lord delivered him out of their hands," and he also escaped out of the United States of America.

10. After the escape or rescue of Shadrach, George T. Curtis telegraphed the news to Mr. Webster, at Washington, declaring "it is levying war"; thus constructing high treason out of the rescue of a prisoner, by unarmed men, from the hands of a sub-deputy officer of the United States.

11. Geo. T. Curtis also officiated as Commissioner in the kidnapping of Thomas Sims, in April, 1851; and, under the pretence of "extradition," sent him to be scourged in the jail of Savannah, and then to suffer eternal bondage. It was rumoured at the time that Charles P. Curtis and Benjamin R. Curtis, his law-partner and son-in-law, were the secret legal advisers and chamber-counsel of the Southern slave-hunters in this case.

12. When Mr. Sims was brought before Judge Woodbury, on Habeas Corpus, Benj. R. Curtis appeared as counsel for the Marshal, and also assisted Judge Woodbury in strengthening his opinion against Sims, by a written note transmitted by an officer of the Court to the Judge, while he was engaged in delivering his opinion.

13. In 1851, after the death of Judge Woodbury, Benjamin R. Curtis was appointed Judge in his place, at Mr. Webster's recommendation; and, as it was generally supposed, in recompense for his great efforts in behalf of the Fugitive Slave bill, and his alacrity in reducing innocent men to slavery.

14. As Circuit Judge of the United States, Benj. R. Curtis, as well in the construction of juries as in the construction of the law, exerted all his abilities against the parties indicted for the rescue of Shadrach. He did this especially in the case of Elizur Wright, who appeared without counsel, and thus afforded a better opportunity to procure a conviction. But it was in vain—all escaped out of his hands.

15. In 1851, Geo. T. Curtis brought an action for libel against Benj. B. Mussey, bookseller, who had just published a volume of speeches by the Hon. Horace Mann, one of which was against the business of kidnapping in Boston, wherein Geo. T. Curtis found, as he alleged, matter libellous of himself. That suit remains yet undisposed of.

16. In May, 1854, Edward G. Loring issued a warrant for the seizure of Mr. Burns; decided the case before he heard it, having advised the counsel not to oppose his rendition, for he would probably be sent back; and finally delivered him over to eternal bondage. But in this case, Mr. Loring, who has no Curtis blood in his veins, did not wish to steal a man, and proposed to throw up his commission rather than do such a deed; but he consulted his step-brother, Chas. P. Curtis, who persuaded him it would be dishonourable to decline the office of kidnapping imposed upon him, as a United States Commissioner, by the Fugitive Slave bill. Benj. R. Curtis, it is said, aided Mr. Loring in forming the "opinion" by which he attempted to justify the "extradition" of Mr. Burns; that is to say, the giving him up as a slave without any trial of his right to liberty, merely on a presumptive case established by his claimant.

II....CONNECTION OF MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND PARKER WITH THE ATTEMPTS TO PREVENT KIDNAPPING IN BOSTON AND ELSEWHERE.

1. When the Fugitive Slave bill was proposed in Congress, they both exposed its wickedness.

2. After Mr. Webster made his speech of March 7, 1850, they procured a meeting at Faneuil Hall on the 25th of March, 1850, in which they criticised and condemned the course of Mr. Webster and the Fugitive Slave bill.

3. After the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, they, with others, procured another meeting at Faneuil Hall, Oct. 14, 1850, to devise means for protecting the coloured and other inhabitants of Massachusetts, brought in peril by the Fugitive Slave bill. They proposed the formation of a Committee of Vigilance, and became active members thereof, aiding it by money, by public speeches, and continued action. They frequently denounced the sin of man-stealing, and exposed the wickedness of such as engaged in that work—such as Ingraham, Kane and Curtis, &c.

4. When attempts were made by the Curtises, in Boston, to kidnap men under pretence of extradition, Messrs. Phillips and Parker denounced and opposed the same in various modes, as well private as public. Thus Mr. Parker kept Ellen Craft in his house until the Curtises were defeated, and the (Southern) man-hunters had fled from the town. In the case of Thomas Sims, both were also very active in efforts for his defence. Mr. Phillips exposed the iniquity in speeches delivered in various parts of the land; Mr. Parker in sermons. Here is a list of such as were printed, and relate to this wickedness of man-stealing: "Of the function of Conscience in relation to the Laws of Men" (Sept. 22, 1850, four days after the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill). "The State of the Nations" (Nov. 28, 1850, Thanksgiving Day, two days after the "Union Meeting"). "The Chief Sins of the People" (April 10, 1851, Fast Day, while the mock trial of Mr. Sims was still pending). "The Three Chief Safeguards of Society" (July 6, 1851). "The Boston Kidnapping—a Discourse to commemorate the Rendition of Thomas Sims" (April 12, 1852). "A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Daniel Webster" (Oct. 31, 1853). In yet other sermons he disclosed the wickedness of the kidnappers.

5. Messrs. Parker and Phillips, with many others, opposed the rendition of Mr. Burns, in May and June, 1854. Not to mention other deeds, both made speeches at a meeting in Faneuil Hall (May 26), phonographically reported and published at the time. Mr. Phillips was the attorney of Mr. Burns, procured him counsel, and aided in his defence. Mr. Parker exposed the conduct of Mr. Loring, in a "Lesson for the Day" (on Sunday, 28th), and in sermons "Of the new Crime against Humanity" (June 4th); "Of the Laws of God and the Statutes of Men" (June 18). "The Dangers which Threaten the Rights of Man in America" (July 2). In the latter he exposed the conduct of B. R. Curtis, and the injustice of his "charge" to the Grand Jury, delivered on the 7th of June, 1854.

III....CONNECTION OF THE CURTISES WITH THE PROSECUTION OF MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND PARKER.

1. After the kidnapping "extradition" of Mr. Burns by Edward G. Loring, and after Mr. Parker had exposed and commented on the wickedness of this act, Messrs. Charles P. Curtis and Thomas B. Curtis endeavoured, but without success, to expel the society, of which Mr. Parker is the minister, from the Music Hall, where their Sunday meetings are held, and which is hired for that purpose of a Corporation whereof Charles P. Curtis was President.

2. June 7, 1854, Benj. R. Curtis delivered a charge to the new Grand Jury subversive of the dearest rights of the people, making the expression of opinion a constructive "misdemeanor," to be punished by a fine of $300 and imprisonment for twelve months, thus assailing all freedom of speech.

3. By the direction of Benj. R. Curtis, contained in this charge, attempts were made to indict various speakers at Faneuil Hall who had denounced the sin of man-stealing in Boston, and among them Messrs. Phillips and Parker. But that Grand Jury failed to perform the work demanded of them, and so were discharged, and a new Jury empanneled.

4. W. W. Greenough, son-in-law of C. P. Curtis, and brother-in-law of Benj. R. Curtis, was one of the new Jury. They found bills against Messrs. Phillips and Parker, charging them with a "misdemeanour" under the act of 1790, which forbids obstructing a United States officer in the service of a process, said obstruction being on the part of Messrs. Phillips and Parker, the uttering of certain words at Faneuil Hall against the stealing of men.

Thus it appears that some of the Curtis family have been active in all the cases of slave-hunting which have occurred in Massachusetts, since the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, and in one at least which occurred previously. That they were intensely active in efforts to support that bill, to procure its passage, and to carry it into execution; and that in the indictments found against Messrs. Phillips and Parker, not to mention what was done secretly, two at least of that family had a direct personal agency.

Your obedient servant,
A Citizen of Boston.

Boston, Jan. 2, 1855.

MY KATE.

A NEW POEM, BY MRS. BROWNING.

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Deep to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days:
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning—her movement a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth:
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar, yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone:
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract,
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer;
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her:
My Kate.

She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right—and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as, through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown:
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt where she went:
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!—
She has made the grass greener e'en *here* with her grave.
My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wert alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest, and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smile used to do thyself, my sweet heart?
My Kate.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Notwithstanding the cry of hard times, which appears to be making itself heard above all other cries this winter, the streets of Boston have assumed a most attractive appearance during the holidays. Every window, from that of the grocer to that of the print-shop, has been arranged with some suggestion of the festivities of the season.

It is quite worthy of remark how those Christmas customs which obtain in other lands, are every year creeping up into our Puritan latitudes. Thus among the articles offered for sale, one now notices fine spruces for Christmas trees, and little coloured wax candles to illuminate them; branches of holly, with its glistening green leaves and red berries, and garlands of pine and amaranth seem to be finding sale; and as we rode by many a house in the country, we could see them suspended in the windows.

Well done, say we; welcome all such genial, loving customs; they do no harm, and they make life more beautiful; let them spread!

Our fathers, it is true, abjured Christmas, because they found it in bad company. Those legendary and poetic graces which belonged to it, were like lilies and violets growing on a battle-field; the battle had to be fought, though it trod them in the mire. But in our days the battle is over, and we can afford to let the lilies grow. Some say, Why keep Christmas, when it has been proved not to be after all the day of the nativity? What of that? Is it not worth our while to celebrate that nativity, though we do not know its exact date? Shall we all with guns, crackers, and *feu de joie*, celebrate the Fourth of July, because then our nation begun its life, and shall we refuse the time-honoured garland, the pleasant family rejoicing, the exchange of gifts of affection, by which Christendom in all Christian lands but ours, commemorates the coming in of earth's higher life? Had no day been set apart for this end, methinks a pious and loving heart would consecrate one, impelled by its own instincts. The mother would say to her children, We will choose one day of the year, to be kept in especial remembrance of the time when our Lord Jesus first came to our world. In morning prayers of such a day, she would read the wonderful story that commences, "And there were shepherds abiding in the fields with their flocks;" and around this simple legend, from year to year, should twine the thread of the family history—its births, its deaths, its marriages and funerals; and its yearly return should ever bring a warmer life, to what the first Christmas introduced, peace on earth, good will to man.

Among the attractions of Boston during Christmas week, none perhaps has excited more attention or drawn more visitors than the Anti-Slavery Fair on Winter street. The flag which is hung out announced it as the twenty-first of its name and object which has been holden in Boston. It commenced its existence years back, under the ban of all the fashion and so-called respectability of the city, and it has held on, from year to year increasing in its attractions and its popularity, till now it is decidedly the most fashionable shopping resort of the holidays. It is a singular feature of this fair, that the majority of its contributions are from Europe—free-will offerings from foreign nations to the great cause of human freedom in America. This year the foreign contributions have been so varied and brilliant as to make the fair a perfect museum of the most recherche articles of taste and fancy from the old world.

France was there, represented by two tables, filled with the choicest of those elegant trifles for which that country is so celebrated. One of these tables was furnished entirely by the efforts of the French Evangelical Christians; and there were dolls and play-things contributed by children in different schools, and accompanied often by touching expressions of the interest which these little ones feel in the sufferings of the American slave. There was splendid embroidery, sent by different ladies, and multitudes of graceful works of taste, each of which had its own little story of the feelings of the donor. The letters that accompanied the collection on this table were so peculiar and interesting, that at some future time we way give some specimens of them to our friends—the readers of the *Independent*. The other French table, gathered in Paris under the superintendence of Mrs. Chapman, contained a rich assortment of articles of *virtu*. Among these were several genuine pieces of the China service of Louis Phillipe, marked with the royal cypher, and a porcelian plate painted by the Queen of Wurtemberg, with her cypher enamelled by her own hand. The republican throng of visitors manifested great zeal to view these royal relics, and we understand that they met a ready sale at liberal prices, notwithstanding the hard times. This table contained also beautiful bronzes, specimens of Bohemian glass, and scores of Dresden China. There was a fine copy, life-size, in plaster, of the head of the Venus de Milon, and several smaller copies of different works of art in the Louvre. There were busts and medallions of all sorts of celebrities, as for instance from John Calvin to George Sand; and there was a most graceful collection of the hanging flower-baskets, which give such grace and lightness to the furnishing of French parlours.

One table was collected entirely in Switzerland, by the efforts of one lady, and presented a very complete assortment of that peculiar species of carved wood-work for which that country has become famous. Here were dolls in the dresses of the different cantons; here were curiously-wrought paper-knives and salad forks and spoons; here were some exquisite specimens of the enamel-painting for which Geneva is famous, and there were models of cottages and chalets, and of shepherds and chamois; and in short all that would bring to a Swiss tourist's mind a remembrance of the invariable collections which meet him at every stopping-place and hotel in passing through Switzerland.

One table was collected entirely in Germany by the unintermitted exertions of an English lady residing in Stuttgard. This same lady made a collection last year for the then fair, but the ship which brought the box unfortunately was wrecked. Undiscouraged by the failure, she however made a larger and more elaborate collection for this year, which came safely to hand. This lady, in her letters, speaks of the readiness with which people in all ranks of life have contributed, and states that a poor couple took down from their walls a print, which was their only earthly superfluity, and gave it to this object. On the first day of the fair, a gilt cup and saucer was sent in, with a note in broken English from a young German, who says that he gives for the cause of freedom the New Year's present which his mother has just sent him.

Time would fail me to speak of the English and Scotch boxes, rich in lace, embroidery, water-coloured paintings, choice engravings, shawls, scarfs, and a thousand other things too numerous to find a distinct mention. But one thought forces itself on an American mind. How differently does our American slavery appear abroad from what it does here. How does the zeal of foreign lands for the cause of emancipation contrast with our lukewarmness! Why this feeling in other lands for us, when we have so little for ourselves?

It has sometimes been erroneously supposed that the avails of this great Bazaar went for the support of the *Liberator*. This is not so. Whatever be the peculiar sentiments of the *Liberator*, that paper derives no support whatever from the funds thus accumulated. These are devoted to the supporting of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the maintainance of anti-slavery lectures and tracts. It is proposed this year to throw out a new series of tracts, which shall meet the peculiar pressure of our times. May they be successful in awakening in our own land something of that feeling towards slavery which is felt in all other Christian nations.—*Mrs. Stowe, in The Independent.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT INFANTRY AT BALAKLAVA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
'Take the guns,' Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those who had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

(*London*) *Examiner.*

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY SAMUEL WARREN, LL.D., THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

[From Blackwood's Magazine for December, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street.]

[The ensuing brief but interesting and affecting sketch of one so long the glory of the magazine was written by the author for the purpose of his forthcoming "Miscellanies"; but, at our request, he has allowed it first to appear in the columns of the magazine so long irradiated by the genius of Professor Wilson.]

On a bright frosty day in December, 1827, as I was quitting the mathematical class in the University of Edinburgh, of which I had been a member about two months, one of my class-fellows said suddenly, "If you want to see Christopher North, he's yonder!" This my companion knew to have been long my desire, for I was in these early days one of Christopher North's most enthusiastic admirers. My curiosity was gratified in a moment. Walking rapidly across the quadrangle towards his class-room (that of moral philosphy) with a sort of hasty, impetuous step, as though he were behind his time, was Professor Wilson, then in the very prime of life. A faded, tattered gown, put on carelessly, fluttered in the keen wind, and seemed a ludicrous appendage to as fine, tall, manly a figure, and free, fearless bearing, as I have ever looked upon. As he came nearer, his limbs and their motions gave the idea of combined strength, agility and grace; and there was a certain sort of frank, buoyant unaffectedness about his demeanour that seemed to indicate light-hearted consciousness of great mental and physical endowments. When he came near enough for his face to be seen with distinctness, in it I forgot everything else about him; and I shall never forget the impression it produced. What a magnificent head! How finely chiselled his features! What compression of the thin but beautifully formed lips! What a bright blue flashing

"Eye, like Mars, to threaten or command!"

Add to all this the fair transparent complexion, flowing auburn hair, and the erect commanding *set* of his head upon his shoulders, and surely no Grecian sculptor could have desired anything beyond it. As for his eye, it lighted on me as he passed, and suddenly disappeared.

I had seen power and genius visibly embodied; and, in a word, I think that never before or since can any celebrated man's personal appearance have so far surpassed an admirer's expectation as Professor Wilson's air, face and figure went beyond what I had imagined. I say this calmly, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, during which I have a thousand times recalled the scene which I have now faintly sketched for the reader; assuring him that no one then knowing this gifted and far-famed man will think my sketch too highly coloured.

As I heard that many more were crowding into his class-room than were entitled to do so, I followed their example, discarding from my thoughts for the nonce all poor Professor Wallace's sines, co-sines, triangles and parallelopiped; and when I entered the Moral Philosophy class, I found that Professor Wilson had just begun his lecture. He read it with considerable rapidity, as it were vehemently urging his words out of lips compressed with the natural energy of his character. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, when speaking in public, has sometimes reminded me of Professor Wilson's manner.

The lecture was eloquent, and greatly relished by the auditory. A small incident showed how he was absorbed with his subject, though the lecture was probably one that he had often read to his class. He had taken out his pocket handkerchief, and, after drawing it across his forehead, crushed it up, and placed it on the left-hand side of his paper, partly under a book. By-and-by, he required his handkerchief, and felt first in one pocket, then in the other; then in the breast, then glanced hastily round, evidently in quest of his handkerchief, but without pausing for a moment in the flow of his impassioned rhetoric. These efforts he renewed several times; but it was not till he had finished his lecture that he suddenly saw what he had been looking for, and which we had seen all the while. He uttered a loud "Oh!" as he thrust it into his pocket and withdrew. I have several times reminded him of this little circumstance, and he always laughed heartily, saying, "Very likely—very probably. I'm very thoughtless about such things." All I recollect of his lecture was, that it dealt much with Plato; but I was completely occupied with Wilson, feeling that I could pay my respects to Plato at any time.

I am bound to say that this distinguished man did not favourably impress me as a lecturer on Moral Philosophy; inasmuch as he seemed to lack that calm, didactic manner, alone befitting the treatment of difficult, profound, abstract subjects. I think those who frequented his class must have found it difficult to realize what they had heard from him. I do not indeed recollect seeing any one taking notes; but I do recollect thinking one or two passages in his lecture very fine.

I did not see Professor Wilson again, except perhaps casually, and at a distance, till a few days before I quitted Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1828. I had had no opportunity of meeting him in society; and I was resolved not to leave Scotland without being able to say that I had spoken to Professor Wilson. But how was this to be done? Having been informed that he had concurred with Professor Pillans in awarding to me the prize for English poetry, I thought, after many qualms and misgivings, that an allusion to that circumstance might, to a generous man of genius, serve to take off the edge of the liberty I proposed to myself, of calling, as a student quitting the university, to pay my parting respects to one of the Professors. So one afternoon, after walking hesitatingly up and down the street in which he lived, and other adjoining ones, I summoned up spirit enough to call at his house and inquire if he were at home. The answer was, yes; and on being asked my name, I mentioned it, adding, "a student in the university." In a moment or two's time the servant returned, saying, "the professor would see me." Somewhat nervously I followed, and in a moment found myself, if I am not mistaken, in his library. The room had a disorded appearance, as if its occupant were careless. He had a loose wrapper round him, his shirt collar was thrown open, and he seemed writing. "Pray take a seat," said he, addressing me by name, and then his piercing eyes were fixed on me with what I thought a slightly impatient curiosity. "I feel, sir, that I have taken a great liberty," I began; "but I am an English student, with very few friends in Scotland, and before leaving the university and Scotland, I felt anxious to have the honour of paying my parting respects to you. "Oh, well, I am much obliged to you. So you are leaving the university? Are you the Mr. Warren that gained the prize for English verse?" I told him I was; on which his whole manner altered, and became exceedingly cordial and gracious, and his smile was fascinating. "Well," said he, "as you are an Englishman at a Scotch university, I was a Scotchman at an English university—at Oxford"; and he talked with animation on the topic. I explained that the reason why I could not attend his, among other classes, was that I wished to enter at an inn of court immediately. "Oh, pho!" said he, laughing good-humouredly, "you have not lost much by missing *my* lectures! You must read for yourself on these subjects." After some other conversation, I happened to say—"There is only one other person besides yourself, sir, whom I should have liked to see before returning to England." "Who's that?" he asked. "Mr. De Quincy, the 'Opium-Eater.'" "Mr. De Quincy? Why, he's staying with me now! Well, I dare say I can manage that for you. Come in to-morrow evening, about nine o'clock, and I'll introduce you to him. I shall be most happy to see you!" He said this with so much kindness that I accepted the invitation; and after he had shaken my hand with much friendship of manner, I withdrew, he instantly resuming his pen.

On making my appearance next evening at the appointed hour, I was at once shown into the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Wilson, evidently a very amiable and kindly woman, and some of her children. In about ten minutes' time, Professor Wilson made his appearance, with one or two other gentlemen, to whom he was talking very energetically. He presently saw me, and shook hands with me cordially. "Oh, you want to see Mr. De Quincy!—Come here!" and leading me into the back room, towards a door which stood open, in the angle formed by it with the wall stood a little slight man, dressed in black, pale, careworn, and with a very high forehead. "Mr. De Quincy, this is a young friend of mine—a student in the university, returning to England." After a few words of course, he left us; but Mr. De Quincy seemed exceedingly languid. He spoke courteously, though evidently disinclined to talk. Shortly before we went down to supper, Professor Wilson said, "You shall sit opposite to Mr. De Quincy"—and I think he added in a whisper and with a smile, "it will be a queer kind of *wine* that you will see him drinking!" Presently we went down to supper. Nothing could exceed the gentle unaffected kindness to me of Mrs. Wilson, whom I never saw again after that evening. I saw her watching me once or twice with a good-natured amused smile, as she saw me intent upon Mr. De Quincy and his doings! I cannot, at this distance of time, pretend to say that his small decanter contained coffee: assuredly it was not wine, but exactly resembled laudanum. He was taciturn for some time, but gradually fell into conversation, in which Professor Wilson joined with vivacity. It was on some metaphysical subject; and at length I will recollect that the discussion turned on the subject of *Forgetfulness*. "Is such a thing as *forgetting* possible to the human mind?" asked Mr. De Quincy—"Does the mind ever actually lose anything forever? Is not every impression it has once received reproducible? How often a thing is suddenly recollected that had happened many, many years before, but never been thought of since that moment! Possibly a suddenly-developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life may constitute the Great Book to be opened before him on the judgment day." I think this was the substance of what was said on the subject. Professor Wilson making several curious remarks as to the nature of mind, memory and suggestion. I ventured to say—and it is the only thing I did venture to say—that I knew an instance of a gentleman, who in hastily jumping from on board the Excellent, to catch a boat that was starting for shore, missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth harbour, sinking to a great depth. For a while he was supposed drowned. He afterwards said that all he remembered after plunging into the water was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions he had long forgotten. Professor Wilson said that if this were so, it was indeed very startling; and I think that Mr. De Quincy said that he also had heard of one, if not two or three such cases.

I was so absorbed with watching and listening to the conversation of Professor Wilson and Mr. De Quincy, that I left almost supperless, in spite of the kindly pressure of Mrs. Wilson. I often saw her look, as I fancied, with fond interest at her famous husband, whose demeanour had a noble simplicity. His eyes sometimes seemed to glitter and flash with the irrepressible fire of genius. I watched him with lynx-like vigilance; but all was spontaneous and genuine; not a vestige of artifice, affectation, or display: no silly "inflicting his eye on you;" but all, whether grave or frolicksome, the exuberance of a gloriously-gifted man of genius. And see how hospitable and kind he was to a young English stranger, whom he had never seen till the preceding day. Before I left, he asked me much about my intentions and prospects; wished me heartily well; and when, about eleven o'clock, I had shaken hands with him and got into the street, the sun of genius no longer shone on me, and I felt dull, and indeed in the dark. As I walked home, I thought myself a poor pigmy that has just been entertained by a good-humoured giant!

I never saw any man who *looked* the man of genius he was, but Professor Wilson. Next to him was Sir Walter Scott. Him I first saw in his fifty-seventh year, when I was at college in Endinburgh, and had wandered one day, in, I think, the month of June, into one of the law courts to hear Mr. Jeffrey plead. The latter's face, let me say in passing, appeared to me that of an acute, refined, sensitive and somewhat irritable man, but not indicative of power. I had been standing for some time in the Court of Session, in which Sir Walter Scott was one of the principal clerks, who sat at a table below the judges, when my eye fell upon an elderly man, one of those sitting at the table, wearing a rusty-looking old stuff gown. His chin rested on his left hand, and his right hung by his side with a pen in it. Without having an idea who he was, my attention was soon arrested by his lofty forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed gazing dreamily into a distant world unseen by any but himself. The more I looked at those eyes, the more remarkable appeared their character and expression, not bright or penetrating, but invested with a grand, rapt, profound air. He sat motionless as a statue, apparently lost to all that was passing around him. A sudden suspicion arose within me that I was looking on the mighty northern novelist, who had publicly avowed himself the author of Waverly in the preceding February. To make assurance doubly sure, I asked a person standing beside me who that was, indicating him. "Whaur d'ye come frae?" said he, looking at me rather contemptuously: "d'ye no ken that's Sir Walter?" Almost while this was being said, Sir Walter Scott seemed to rouse himself from a reverie, and soon afterwards wrote rapidly on several sheets of paper, and then quitted court, leaning on his stick, and walking very lame.

Professor Wilson's noble countenance indicated to even an ordinary observer, the impulsive energy of his character, daring and generous—also acuteness, refinement and power; one in short, to fear, to admire, to love. Every thing petty and mean, he spurned with a scorn that was magnificent; to obscure and timid genius he extended, with tender kindness, the hand of, as it were, the King of Letters. To pretenders, however, of all sorts, he was utterly merciless; to them the crutch of Christopher was annihilation. It was fine to hear him talk on such a subject; his eye, his lip, his voice, his gesture, all in fierce and vivid accord.

As an instance of his watchfulness of literary merit, when newly manifested, I recollect his once saying to me, "By the way do you know anyone in the Temple—a special pleader of that kind—called Moile—Nicholas Thirning Moile?"* I told him that I had never heard of the name; on which he pressed me much, and said, "Try to find out, then, for he is a very clever fellow. He has just published a sort of po